

11774.6.3

AURENG-ZEBE:

A
TRAGEDY.

Written by

Mr. DRYDEN.

*Sed, cum fregit subsellia versu,
Esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendat Agaven.*

Juv.



L O N D O N:

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MDCCXXXV.

TRAJECT





To the Right Honourable

J O H N,

EARL of MULGRAVE,

Gentleman of his Majesty's Bed-Chamber, and Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter.

My LORD,

TIS a severe Reflection which *Montaign* has made on Princes, That we ought not, in reason, to have any Expectations of Favour from them; and that 'tis Kindness enough, if they leave us in Possession of our own. The boldness of the Censure shows the free Spirit of the Author: And the Subjects of *England* may justly congratulate to themselves, that both the Nature of our Government, and the Clemency of our King, secure us from any such

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Complaint. I, in particular, who subsist wholly by his Bounty, am oblig'd to give Posterity a far other Account of my Royal Master, than what *Montaign* has left of his. Those Accusations had been more reasonable, if they had been plac'd on inferior Persons. For in all Courts, there are too many, who make it their Business to ruin Wit : And *Montaign*, in other Places, tells us, what Effects he found of their good Natures. He describes them such, whose Ambition, Lust, or private Interest, seem to be the only end of their Creation. If good accrue to any of them, 'tis only in order to their own Designs : Conferr'd most commonly on the base and infamous ; and never given, but only *hapning* sometimes to Well-deservers. Dulness has brought them to what they are ; and Malice secures them in their Fortunes. But somewhat of Specious they must have, to recommend themselves to Princes (for folly will not easily go down in its own natural Form with discerning Judges.) And diligence in waiting, is their gilding of the Pill ; for that looks like Love, tho' 'tis only Interest. 'Tis that which gains 'em their Advantage over witty Men ; whose love of Liberty and Ease, makes them willing too often to discharge their burden of Attendance on these officious Gentlemen. 'Tis true, that the nauseousness of such Company is enough to disgust a reasonable Man ; when he sees, he can hardly approach Greatness, but as a moated Castle ; he must first pass through the Mud and Filth with which it is encompassed. These are they who wanting Wit, affect Gravity and go by the name of solid Men : And a solid Man is, in plain *English*, a solid, solemn Fool. Another Disguise they have (for Fools, as well as Knaves, take other Names, and pass by an *Alias*) and that is, the Title of honest Fellows.

But

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But this Honesty of theirs ought to have many Grains for its Allowance ; for certainly they are no farther honest, than they are silly : They are naturally mischievous their Power ; and if they speak not maliciously, or sharply, of witty Men, 'tis only because God has not bestowed on them the Gift of Utterance. They fawn and crouch to Men of Parts, whom they cannot ruin : Quote their Wit when they are present, and when they are absent steal their Jest : but to those who are under 'em, and whom they can crush with ease, they shew themselves in their natural Antipathy ; there they treat Wit like the common Enemy, and give it no more Quarter than a *Dutchman* would to an *Engliss* Vessel in the *Indies* ; they strike Sail where they know they shall be master'd, and murder where they can with Safety.

This, my Lord, is the Character of a Courtier without Wit ; and therefore that which is a Satyr to other Men, must be a Panegyrick to your Lordship, who are a Master of it. If the least of these Reflections could have reach'd your Person, no necessity of mine could have made me to have sought so earnestly, and so long to have cultivated your Kindness. As a Poet, I cannot but have made some Observations on Mankind : The lowness of my Fortune has not yet brought me to flatter Vice ; and 'tis my Duty to give testimony to Virtue. 'Tis true, your Lordship is not of that Nature, which either seeks a Commendation, or wants it. Your Mind has always been above the wretched affectation of Popularity. A popular Man is, in truth, no better than a Prostitute to common Fame, and to the People. He lies down to every one he meets for the hire of Praise ; and his Humility is only a disguis'd Ambition. Even *Cicero* himself, whose Eloquence deserved the Ad-
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miration of Mankind; yet by his insatiable thirst of Fame, he has lessen'd his Character with succeeding Ages: His Action against *Catiline* may be said to have ruin'd the Consul, when it sav'd the City: For it so swell'd his Soul, which was not truly great, that ever afterwards it was apt to be over-set with Vanity. And this made his Virtue so suspected by his Friends, that *Brutus*, whom of all Men he ador'd, refus'd him a place in his Conspiracy. A modern Wit has made this Observation on him, That coveting to recommend himself to Posterity, he begg'd it as an Alms of all his Friends, the Historians, to remember his Consulship: And observe, if you please, the Oddness of the Event; all their Histories are lost, and the vanity of his Request stands yet recorded in his own Writings. How much more great and manly in your Lordship, is your Contempt of popular Applause, and your retir'd Virtue, which shines only to a few; with whom you live so easily and freely, that you make it evident, you have a Soul which is capable of all the Tenderness of Friendship, and that you only retire your self from those, who are not capable of returning it. Your Kindness, where you have once plac'd it, is inviolable; And 'tis to that only I attribute my Happiness in your Love. This makes me more easily forsake an Argument, on which I could otherwise delight to dwell: I mean your Judgment in your choice of Friends; because I have the Honour to be one. After which, I am sure you will more easily permit me to be silent, in the care you have taken of my Fortune; which you have rescu'd, not only from the Power of others, but from my worst of Enemies, my own Modesty and Laziness. Which Favour, had it been employ'd on a more deserving Subject, had been an
Effect

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Effect of Justice in your Nature; but, as plac'd on me, is only Charity. Yet, withal, 'tis conferred on such a Man, as prefers your Kindness it self, before any of its Consequences; and who values, as the greatest of your Favours, those of your Love, and of your Conversation. From this Constancy to your Friends, I might reasonably assume, that your Resentments would be as strong and lasting, if they were not restrain'd by a nobler Principle of Good nature and Generosity. For certainly, 'tis the same Composition of Mind, the same Resolution and Courage, which makes the greatest Friendships, and the greatest Enmities. And he who is too lightly reconcil'd, after high Provocations, may recommend himself to the World for a Christian, but I should hardly trust him for a Friend. The *Italians* have a Proverb to that Purpose, *To forgive the first time shows me a good Catholick, the second time a Fool.* To this firmness in all your Actions (though you are wanting in no other Ornaments of Mind and Body, yet to this) I principally ascribe the Interest your Merits have acquir'd you in the Royal Family. A Prince, who is constant to himself, and steady in all his Undertakings; one with whom that Character of *Horace* will agree,

*Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum serient ruinae,*

Such an one cannot but place an Esteem, and repose a Confidence on him, whom no Adversity, no Change of Courts, no Bribery of Interests, or Cabals of Factions, or Advantages of Fortune, can remove from the solid Foundations of Honour and Fidelity.

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*Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit; ille habeat secum, servetque sepulcrum.*

How well your Lordship will deserve that praise, I need no Inspiration to foretel. You have already left no room for Prophecy: Your early Undertakings have been such, in the Service of your King and Country, when you offer'd your self to the most dangerous Employment, that of the Sea; when you chose to abandon those Delights, to which your Youth and Fortune did invite you, to undergo the Hazards, and, which was worse, the Company of common Seamen, that you have made it evident, you will refuse no Opportunity of rendring your self useful to the Nation, when either your Courage or Conduct shall be requir'd. The same Zeal and Faithfulness continues in your Blood, which animated one of your noble Ancestors to sacrifice his Life in the Quarrel of his Sovereign; Tho' I hope, both for your sake, and for the publick Tranquillity, the same Occasion will never be offer'd to your Lordship, and that a better Destiny will attend you. But I make haste to consider you as abstracted from a Court, which (if you will give me leave to use a term of Logick) is only an Adjunct, not a Propriety of Happiness. The Academicks, I confess, were willing to admit the Goods of Fortune into their Notion of Felicity; but I do not remember, that any of the Sects of old Philosophers did ever leave a room for Greatness. Neither am I form'd to praise a Court, who admire and covet nothing, but the Easiness and Quiet of Retirement. I naturally withdraw my Sight from a Precipice; and admit the Prospect be never so large and goodly, can take no Pleasure even in looking on the Downfal, tho' I am secure from
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the Danger. Methinks there's something of a malignant Joy in that excellent Description of *Lucretius*.

*Suave, mari magno turbantibus aquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem ;
Non quia vexari quenquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.*

I am sure his Master *Epicurus*, and my better Master *Cowley*, preferr'd the Solitude of a Garden, and the Conversation of a Friend, to any Consideration, so much as a Regard, of those unhappy People, whom in our own wrong, we call the Great. True Greatness, if it be any where on Earth, is in a private Virtue ; remov'd from the Notion of Pomp and Vanity, confin'd to a Contemplation of it self, and centring on it self :

*Omnis enim per se Divâm natura, necesse est
Immortali ævo summâ cum pace fruatur ;
————— Curâ semota, metuque,
Ipsa suis pollens opibus —————*

If this be not the Life of a Deity, because it cannot consist with Providence ; 'tis at least a god-like Life : I can be contented, (and I am sure I have your Lordship of my Opinion) with an humbler Station in the Temple of Virtue, than to be set on the Pinnacle of it.

*Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palantis quærere vitæ.*

The Truth is, the Consideration of so vain a Creature as Man, is not worth our Pains. I have Fool enough at home, without looking for it abroad : And am a sufficient Theatre to my self of ridiculous Actions, without expecting Company, either in a Court, a Town, or Play-house. 'Tis on this

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account that I am weary with drawing the Deformities of Life, and Lazars of the People, where every Figure of Imperfection more resembles me than it can do others, If I must be condemn'd to Rhyme, I should find some Ease in my change of Punishment. I desire to be no longer the *Sisyphus* of the Stage; to roll up a Stone with endless Labour (which, to follow the Proverb, *gathers no Moss*) and which is perpetually falling down again. I never thought my self very fit for an Employment, where many of my Predecessors have excell'd me in all kinds; and some of my Contemporaries, even in my own partial Judgment, have out-done me in *Comedy*. Some little hopes I have yet remaining, and those too, considering my Abilities, may be vain, that I may make the World some part of amends, for many ill Plays, by an Heroick Poem. Your Lordship has been long acquainted with my Design; the Subject of which you know is great, the Story *English*, and neither too far distant from the present Age, nor too near approaching it. Such it is in my Opinion, that I could not have wish'd a nobler Occasion to do Honour by it to my King, my Country, and my Friends; most of our ancient Nobility being concern'd in the Action. And your Lordship has one particular Reason to promote this Undertaking, because you were the first who gave me the Opportunity of discoursing it to his Majesty, and his Royal Highness: They were then pleas'd, both to commend the Design, and to encourage it by their Commands. But the Unsettledness of my Condition has hitherto put a stop to my Thoughts concerning it. As I am no Successor to *Homer* in his Wit, so neither do I desire to be in his Poverty. I can make no Rhapsodies, nor go a begging at the *Grecian* Doors, while I
sing

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sing the Praises of their Ancestors. The Times of *Virgil* please me better, because he had an *Augustus* for his Patron. And to draw the Allegory nearer you, I am sure I shall not want a *Mæcenas* with him. 'Tis for your Lordship to stir up that Remembrance in his Majesty, which his many Avocations of Business have caus'd him, I fear, to lay aside. And (as himself and his Royal Brother are the Heroes of the Poem) to represent to them the Images of their Warlike Predecessors; as *Achilles* is said to be rouz'd to Glory, with the sight of the Combat before the Ships. For my own part, I am satisfy'd to have offer'd the Design, and it may be to the Advantage of my Reputation to have it refus'd me.

In the mean time, my Lord, I take the Confidence to present you with a Tragedy; the Characters of which are the nearest to those of an Heroick Poem. 'Twas dedicated to you in my Heart, before 'twas presented on the Stage. Some things in it have pass'd your Approbation, and many your Amendment. You were likewise pleas'd to recommend it to the King's perusal, before the last Hand was added to it, when I receiv'd the Favour from him, to have the most considerable Event of it modell'd by his Royal Pleasure. It may be some Vanity in me to add his Testimony then, and which he graciously confirm'd afterwards, that it was the best of all my Tragedies; in which he has made Authentick my private Opinion of it; at least, he has given it a Value by his Commendation, which it had not by my Writing.

That which was not pleasing to some of the fair Ladies in the last Act of it, as I dare not vindicate, so neither can I wholly condemn, 'till I find more Reason for their Censures. The Procedure

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ture of *Indamora* and *Melesinda*, seems yet, in my Judgment, natural, and not unbecoming of their Characters. If they who arraign them, fail not more, the World will never blame their Conduct: And I shall be glad, for the Honour of my Country, to find better Images of Virtue drawn to the Life in their Behaviour, than any I could feign to adorn the Theatre. I confess, I have only represented a practical Virtue, mix'd with the Frailties and Imperfections of human Life. I have made my *Heroine* fearful of Death, which neither *Cassandra* nor *Cleopatra* would have been; and they themselves, I doubt it not, would have outdone Romance in that particular. Yet their *Mandana* (and the *Cyrus* was written by a Lady) was not altogether so hard-hearted: For she sat down on the cold Ground by the King of *Assyria*, and not only pity'd him, who dy'd in her Defence; but allow'd him some Favours, such, perhaps, as they would think, should only be permitted to her *Cyrus*. I have made my *Melesinda*, in opposition to *Nourmahal*, a Woman passionately loving of her Husband, patient of Injuries and Contempt, and constant in her Kindness, to the last: And in that, perhaps, I may have err'd, because it is not a Virtue much in use. Those *Indian* Wives are loving Fools, and may do well to keep themselves in their own Country, or, at least, to keep Company with the *Arria's* and *Portia's* of old *Rome*: Some of our Ladies know better things. But, it may be, I am partial to my own Writings: Yet I have labour'd as much as any Man, to divest my self of the Self-opinion of an Author; and am too well satisfied of my own Weakness, to be pleas'd with any thing I have written. But on the other side, my Reason tells me, that, in Probability, what I have seriously and long consider'd,

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der'd, may be as likely to be just and natural, as what an ordinary Judge (if there be any such among those Ladies) will think fit, in a transient Presentation, to be plac'd in the room of that which they condemn. The most judicious Writer is sometimes mistaken, after all his Care: But the hasty Critick, who judges on a View, is full as liable to be deceiv'd. Let him first consider all the Arguments, which the Author had, to write this, or to design the other, before he arraigns him of a Fault: And then, perhaps, on second Thoughts, he will find his Reason oblige him to revoke his Censure. Yet, after all, I will not be too positive. *Homo sum, humani à me nihil alienum puto.* As I am a Man, I must be changeable: And sometimes the gravest of us all are so, even upon ridiculous Accidents. Our Minds are perpetually wrought on by the Temperament of our Bodies: Which makes me suspect, they are nearer ally'd, than either our Philosophers or School-Divines will allow them to be. I have observ'd, says *Montaign*, that when the Body is out of Order, its Companion is seldom at his Ease. An ill Dream, or a cloudy Day, has Power to change this wretched Creature, who is so proud of a reasonable Soul, and make him think what he thought not Yesterday. And *Homer* was of this Opinion, as *Cicero* is pleas'd to translate him for us:

*Tales sunt hominum mentes, quales pater ipse
Jupiter, auctiferâ lustravit lampade terras.*

Or as the same Author, in his *Tusculane Questions*, speaks with more Modesty than usual of himself: *Nos in diem vivimus; quodcunque animos nostros probabilitate percussit, id dicimus.* 'Tis not therefore impossible, but that I may alter the Conclusion of my Play, to restore my self into
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the good Graces of my fair Criticks. And your Lordship, who is so well with them, may do me the Office of a Friend and Patron, to intercede with them on my Promise of Amendment. The Impotent Lover in *Petronius*, tho' his was a very unpardonable Crime, yet was receiv'd to Mercy on the Terms I offer. *Summa excusationis mee hæc est: Placebo tibi, si culpam emendare permiseris.*

But I am conscious to my self of offering at a greater Boldness, in presenting to your view what my Meanness can produce, than in any other Error of my Play. And therefore make haste to break off this tedious Address, which has, I know not how, already run it self into Pedantry, with an Excuse of *Tully's*, which he sent with his Books *De Finibus*, to his Friend *Brutus*: *De ipsis rebus autem, sapenamerò Brute vereor ne reprehendar, cum hæc ad te scribam, qui tum in Poesi, (I change it from Philosophiâ) tum in optimo genere Poeseos tantum processeris. Quod si facerem quasi te erudiens, jure reprehenderer. Sed ab eo plurimum absum: Nec, ut ea cognoscas quæ tibi notissima sunt, ad te mitto; sed quia facillimè in nomine tuo acquiesco, & quia te habeo æquissimum eorum studiorum, quæ mihi communia tecum sunt, æstimatorem & judicem.* Which you may please, my Lord, to apply to your self, from him, who is

Your Lordship's

most Obedient,

Humble Servant

DRYDEN.



PROLOGUE.

OUR Author by Experience finds it true,
'Tis much more hard to please himself than you;
And out of no feign'd Modesty, this Day
Damns his laborious Trifle of a Play:
Not that it's worse than what before he writ,
But he has now another Taste of Wit;
And to confess a Truth (though out of time)
Grows weary of his long-lov'd Mistress, Rhyme.
Passions too fierce to be in Fetters bound,
And Nature flies him like Enchanted Ground.
What Verse can do, he has perform'd in this,
Which he presumes the most Corrett of his:
But spite of all his Pride, a secret Shame
Invades his Breast at Shakespear's sacred Name:
Aw'd when he hears his Godlike Romans Rage,
He, in a just Despair, would quit the Stage.
And to an Age less polish'd, more unskill'd,
Does, with disdain, the foremost Honours yield.
As with the greater Dead he dares not strive,
He would not match his Verse with those who live:
Let him retire, betwixt two Ages cast,
The first of this, and hindmost of the last.
A losing Gamester, let him sneak away;
He bears no ready Money from the Play.
The Fate which governs Poets, thought it fit,
He should not raise his Fortunes by his Wit.
The Clergy thrive, and the litigious Bar;
Dull Heroes fatten with the Spoils of War:
All Southern Vices, Heav'n he prais'd, are here;
But Wit's a Luxury you think too dear.
When you to cultivate the Plant are loth,
'Tis a shrew'd Sign 'twas never of your Growth:

And

PROLOGUE.

*And Wit in Northern Climates will not blow,
Except, like Orange-trees, 'tis hous'd from Snow.
There needs no Care to put a Play-house down,
'Tis the most Desert Place of all the Town.
We and our Neighbours, to speak proudly, are
Like Monarchs, ruin'd with expensive War.
While, like wise English, unconcern'd you sit,
And see us play the Tragedy of Wit.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

The old Emperor.	Mr. Mohun.
Aureng-Zebe, his Son.	Mr. Hart.
Morat, his younger Son.	Mr. Kynaston.
Arimant, Governor of Agra.	Mr. Winterhal.
Dianet.	
Solyman.	} Indian Lords, or Omrahs, of several Factions.
Mir Baba.	
Abas.	
Asaph Chan.	
Fazel Chan.	

W O M E N.

Nourmahal, the Empress.	Mrs. Marshall.
Indamora, a Captive Queen.	Mrs. Cox.
Melesinda, Wife to Morat.	Mrs. Corbet.
Zayda, Favourite Slave to the Empress.	Mrs. Uphill.

SCENE, Agra, in the Year 1660.

AURENG.



AURENG-ZEBE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Arimant, Asaph Chan, and Fazel Chan.

ARIMANT.



Eav'n seems the Empire of the East to lay
On the Success of this important Day :
Their Arms are to the last Decision bent,
And Fortune labours with the vast Event :
She now has in her Hand the greatest
Stake,

Which for contending Monarchs she can make.
Whate'er can urge ambitious Youth to fight,
She pompously displays before their Sight :
Laws, Empire, all permitted to the Sword,
And Fate could ne'er an ampler Scene afford.

Asaph. Four several Armies to the Field are led,
Which, high in equal Hopes, four Princes head :
Indus and *Ganges*, our wide Empire's Bounds,
Swell their dy'd Currents with their Native's Wounds :
Each purple River winding, as he runs,
His bloody Arms about his slaughter'd Sons.

Fazel. I well remember you foretold the Storm,
When first the Brothers did their Factions form :

When

When each, by curs'd Cabals of Women, strove
To draw th' indulgent King to partial Love.

Arim. What Heav'n decrees, no Prudence can pre-
To cure their mad Ambition, they were sent [vent,
To rule a distant Province each alone.

What could a careful Father more have done?

He made Provision against all, but Fate;

While, by his Health, we held our Peace of State.

The Weight of seventy Winters prest him down,

He bent beneath the Burthen of a Crown:

Sickness, at last, did his spent Body seize,

And Life almost sunk under the Disease:

Mortal 'twas thought, at least by them desir'd,

Who, impiously, into his Years inquir'd:

As at a Signal, straight the Sons prepare

For open Force, and rush to sudden War:

Meeting, like Winds broke loose upon the Main,

To prove, by Arms, whose Fate it was to reign.

Asaph. Rebels and Parricides!

Arim. Brand not their Actions with so foul a Name;
Pity, at least, what we are forc'd to blame.

When Death's cold Hand has clos'd the Father's Eye,

You know the younger Sons are doom'd to die,

Less Ills are chosen greater to avoid,

And Nature's Laws are by the States destroy'd.

What Courage tamely could to Death consent,

And not, by striking first, the Blow prevent?

Who falls in fight, cannot himself accuse,

And he dies greatly who a Crown pursues.

To them Solyman Agah.

Solym. A new Express all Agra does afright:

Darah and *Aureng-Zebe* are join'd in Fight,

The Press of People thickens to the Court,

Th' impatient Crowd devouring the Report.

Arim. T' each changing News they chang'd Affec-
And servilely from Fate expect a King. [tions bring,

Solym. The Ministers of State, who gave us Law,

In Corners, with selected Friends, withdraw:

There, in deaf Murmurs, solemnly are wise;

Whisp'ring, like Winds, ere Hurricanes arise.

The

The most Corrupt are most Obsequious grown,
And those they scorn'd, officiously they own.

Asaph. In change of Government,
The Rabble rule their great Oppressor's Fate :
Do Sovereign Justice, and Revenge the State.

Solym. The little Courtiers, who ne'er come to know
The Depth of Factions, as in Mazes go,
Where Int'rests meet and cross so oft, that they
With too much Care are wilder'd in their Way.

Arim. What of the Emperor ?

Solym. Unmov'd, and brave, he like himself appears,
And, meriting no Ill, no Danger fears :
Yet mourns his former Vigour lost so far,
To make him now Spectator of a War :
Repining that he must preserve his Crown
By any Help or Courage but his own :
Wishes, each Minute, he could unbeget
Those Rebel-Sons, who dare t'usurp his Seat :
To sway his Empire with unequal Skill,
And mount a Throne, which none but he can fill.

Arim. Oh ! had he still that Character maintain'd,
Of Valour, which in blooming youth he gain'd !
He promis'd in his East a glorious Race ;
Now, sunk from his Meridian, sets apace.
But as the Sun, when he from Noon declines,
And with abated Heat, less fiercely shines,
Seems to grow milder as he goes away,
Pleasing himself with the Remains of Day :
So he who, in his Youth, for Glory strove,
Would recompense his Age with Ease and Love.

Asaph. The Name of Father hateful to him grows,
Which, for one Son, produces him three Foes.

Fazel. *Darah*, the Eldest, bears a generous Mind ;
But to implacable Revenge inclin'd,
Too openly does Love and Hatred show :
A bounteous Master, but a deadly Foe.

Solym. From *Sujah's* Valour I should much expect,
But he's a *Bigot* of the *Persian* Sect :
And, by a foreign Int'rest seeks to reign,
Hopeless by Love the Sceptre to obtain.

Asaph.

Asaph. *Morat's* too insolent, too much a Brave;
His Courage to his Envy is a Slave:
What he attempts, if his Endeavours fail
T' effect, he is resolv'd no other shall.

Arim. But *Aureng-Zebe*, by no strong Passion sway'd;
Except his Love, more temp'rate is, and weigh'd:
This *Atlas* must our sinking State uphold;
In Council cool, but in Performance bold:
He sums their Virtues in himself alone,
And adds the greatest, of a loyal Son:
His Father's Cause upon his Sword he wears,
And with his Arms, we hope, his Fortune bears.

Solym. Two vast Rewards may well his Courage move,
A Parent's Blessing, and a Mistress' Love:
If he succeed, his Recompense, we hear,
Must be the Captive Queen of *Cassimere*.

To them Abas.

Abas. Mischiefs on Mischiefs, greater still, and more;
The neighb'ring Plain with Arms is cover'd o'er:
The Vale an Iron-Harvest seems to yield
Of thick-sprung Lances in a waving Field:
The polish'd Steel gleams terribly from far,
And every Moment nearer shows the War:
The Horses neighing by the Wind is blown,
And Castl'd-Elephants o'er-look the Town.

Arim. If, as I fear, *Morat* these Pow'rs commands,
Our Empire on the Brink of Ruin stands:
Th' ambitious Empress with her Son is join'd,
And, in his Brother's Absence, has design'd
The unprovided Town to take with ease,
And then, the Person of the King to seize.

Solym. To all his former Issue she has shown
Long hate, and labour'd to advance her own.

Abas. These Troops are his.

Surat he took; and thence, preventing Fame,
By quick and painful Marches hither came:
Since his Approach, he to his Mother sent,
And two long Hours in close Debate were spent.

Arim. I'll to my Charge, the Citadel repair,
And show my Duty by my timely Care.

To them the Emperor with a Letter in his Hand : After
him, an Ambassador, with a Train following.

Asaph. But see, the Emperor ! a fiery red
His Brows, and glowing Temples does o'erspread,
Morat has some displeasing Message sent.

Amb. Do not, great Sir, misconstrue his Intent;
Nor call Rebellion what was prudent Care,
To guard himself by necessary War :
While he believ'd you living, he obey'd :
His Governments but as your Vice-Roy sway'd :
But, when he thought you gone
T' augment the Number of the Bless'd above,
He deem'd 'em Legacies of Royal Love :
Nor arm'd, his Brothers Portions to invade,
But to defend the Present you had made.

Emp. By frequent Messages, and strict Commands,
He knew my Pleasure to discharge his Bands :
Proof of my Life my Royal Signet made ;
Yet still he arm'd, came on, and disobey'd. [ceal'd :

Amb. He thought the *Mandat* forg'd, your Death con-
And but delay'd till Truth should be reveal'd.

Emp. News of my Death from Rumour he receiv'd ;
And what he wish'd, he easily believ'd :
But long demurr'd, though from my Hand he knew
I liv'd, so loth he was to think it true :
Since he pleads Ignorance to that Command,
Now let him show his Duty, and disband.

Amb. His Honour, Sir, will suffer in the Cause ;
He yields his Arms unjust, if he withdraws :
And begs his Loyalty may be declar'd,
By owning those he leads to be your Guard.

Emp. I, in my self, have all the Guard I need ;
Bid the presumptuous Boy draw off with speed :
If his audacious Troops one Hour remain,
My Cannon from the Fort shall scour the Plain.

Amb. Since you deny him Entrance, he demands
His Wife, whom cruelly you hold in Bands :
Her, if unjustly you from him detain,
He justly will by force of Arms regain.

Emp.

Emp. O'er him, and his, a Right from Heav'n I have;
 Subject, and Son, he's doubly born my Slave.
 But whatsoe'er his own Demerits are,
 Tell him, I shall not make on Women, War:
 And yet I'll do her Innocence the Grace,
 To keep her here, as in the safer Place:
 But thou, who dar'st this bold Defiance bring,
 May'st feel the Rage of an offended King.
 Hence from my Sight, without the least Reply:
 One Word, nay, one Look more, and thou shalt die.

[*Exit Ambassador.*]

Re-enter Arimant.

Arim. May Heav'n, great Monarch, still augment your
 With length of Days, and every Day like this. [Bliss
 For, from the Banks of *Gemna* news is brought,
 Your Army has a bloody Battel fought:
Darah from Loyal *Aureng-Zebe* is fled;
 And forty thousand of his Men lie dead:
 To *Sujah* next your conquering Army drew;
 Him they surpris'd, and easily o'erthrew.

Emp. 'Tis well.

[done,

Arim. But well! what more could at your Wish be
 Than two such Conquests gain'd by such a Son?
 Your Pardon, mighty Sir;
 You seem not high enough your Joys to rate;
 You stand indebted a vast Sum to Fate:
 And should large Thanks for the great Blessing pay.

Emp. My Fortune owes me greater every Day:
 And should my Joy more high for this appear,
 It would have argu'd me before of Fear.
 How is Heav'n kind, where I have nothing won,
 And Fortune only pays me with my own?

Arim. Great *Aureng-Zebe* did duteous Care express:
 And durst not push too far his good Success,
 But lest *Morat* the City should attack,
 Commanded his victorious Army back;
 Which, lest to march as swiftly as they may,
 Himself comes first, and will be here this Day,
 Before a close-form'd Siege shut up his way.

[*Emp.*

Emp. Prevent his Purpose, hence, with all thy speed,
Stop him; his Entrance to the Town forbid.

Arim. How, Sir? your Loyal, your Victorious Son?

Emp. Him would I, more than all the Rebels, shun.

Arim. Whom with your Pow'r and Fortune, Sir, you
Now to suspect is vain, as 'tis unjust. [trust;

He comes not with a Train to move your Fear,

But trusts himself, to be a Pris'ner here.

You knew him Brave, you know him Faithful now:

He aims at Fame, but Fame from serving you.

'Tis said, Ambition in his Breast does rage:

Who would not be the *Heroe* of an Age?

All grant him prudent: Prudence Interest weighs,

And Interest bids him seek your Love and Praise.

I know you grateful; when he march'd from hence,

You bid him hope an ample Recompense:

He conquer'd in that Hope; and from your Hands,

His Love, the precious Pledge he left, demands.

Emp. No more; you search too deep my wounded

And show me what I fear, and would not find. [Mind:

My Son has all the Debts of Duty paid:

Our Prophet sends him to my present Aid.

Such Virtue to distrust were base and low:

I'm not ungrateful — or I was not so!

Inquire no farther, stop his coming on:

I will not, cannot, dare not see my Son.

Arim. 'Tis now too late his Entrance to prevent:

Nor must I to your Ruin give consent.

At once your People's Heart, and Son's you lose:

And give him all, when you just things refuse.

Emp. Thou lov'st me sure; thy Faith has oft been try'd,

In ten pitch'd Fields, not shrinking from my Side,

Yet giv'st me no advice to bring me ease.

Arim. Can you be cur'd, and tell not your Disease?

I ask'd you, Sir.

Emp. — Thou should'st have ask'd again:

There hangs a secret Shame on guilty Men

Thou should'st have pull'd the Secret from my Breast,

Torn out the bearded Steel to give me Rest:

As

At least, thou should'st have guess'd —
 Yet thou art honest, thou could'st ne'er have guess'd
 Hast thou been never base? did Love ne'er bend
 Thy frailer Virtue, to betray thy Friend?
 Flatter me, make thy Court, and say, It did?
 Kings in a Crowd would have their Vices hid.
 We would be kept in Count'nance, sav'd from Shame;
 And own'd by others who commit the same.
 Nay, now I have confess'd. —

Thou seest me naked, and without disguise:
 I look on *Aureng-Zebe* with Rival's Eyes.
 He has abroad my Enemies o'ercome,
 And I have sought to ruin him at home.

Arim. This free Confession shows you long did strive
 And Virtue, though oppress'd, is still alive.
 But what Success did your Injustice find?

Emp. What it deserv'd, and not what I design'd.
 Unmov'd she stood, and deaf to all my Prayers,
 As Seas and Winds to sinking Mariners.
 But Seas grow calm, and Winds are reconcil'd:
 Her Tyrant Beauty never grows more mild.
 Pray'rs, Promises, and Threats were all in vain.

Arm. Then cure your self by generous Disdain.

Emp. Virtue, Disdain, Despair, I oft have try'd,
 And foil'd, have with new Arms my Foe defy'd.
 This made me with so little Joy to hear
 The Victory, when I the Victor fear.

Arim. Something you swiftly must resolve to do,
 Lest *Aureng-Zebe* your secret Love should know.

Morat without does for your Ruin wait;
 And would you lose the Buckler of your State?
 A jealous Empress lies within your Arms,
 Too haughty to endure neglected Charms.
 Your Son is duteous, but (as Man) he's frail,
 And just Revenge o'er Virtue may prevail.

Emp. Go then to *Indamora*, say from me,
 Two Lives depend upon her Secrecy.
 Bid her conceal my Passion from my Son.
 Tho' *Aureng-Zebe* return a Conqueror,
 Both he and she are still within my Pow'r.

Say

Say, I'm a Father, but a Lover too :
 Much to my Son, more to thy self I owe.
 When she receives him, to her Words give Law :
 And even the Kindness of her Glances awe.
 See, he appears! [*After a short Whisper, Arimant departs.*]

Enter Aureng-Zebe, Dianet, and Attendants. Aureng-Zebe kneels to his Father, and kisses his Hand.

Aur. My Vows have been successful as my Sword :
 My Pray'rs are heard, you have your Health restor'd.
 Once more 'tis given me to behold your Face :
 The best of Kings and Fathers to embrace.
 Pardon my Tears; 'tis Joy which bids 'em flow,
 A Joy which never was sincere 'till now.
 That which my Conquest gave, I could not prize;
 Or 'twas imperfect till I saw your Eyes.

Emp. Turn the Discourse: I have a Reason why
 I would not have you speak so tenderly.
 Knew you what Shame your kind Expressions bring,
 You would in pity spare a wretched King.

Aur. A King! you rob me, Sir, of half my due:
 You have a dearer Name, a Father too.

Emp. I had that Name.

Aur. ——— What have I said or done,
 That I no longer must be call'd your Son?
 'Tis in that Name, Heav'n knows, I glory more,
 Than that of Prince, or that of Conqueror.

Emp. Then you upbraid me; I am pleas'd to see
 You're not so perfect, but can fail, like me.
 I have no God to deal with.

Aur. ——— Now I find
 Some sly Court-Devil has seduc'd your Mind;
 Fill'd it with black Suspicions, not your own :
 And all my Actions through false Opticks shown.
 I ne'er did Crowns ambitiously regard :
 Honour I sought, the generous Mind's Reward.
 Long may you live! while you the Sceptre sway,
 I shall be still most happy to obey.

Emp. Oh, Aureng-Zebe! thy Virtues shine too bright,
 They flash too fierce: I, like the Bird of Night,
 Shut my dull Eyes, and sicken at the Sight.

Thou hast deserv'd more Love than I can show;
 But 'tis thy Fate to give, and mine to owe.
 Thou seest me much distemper'd in my Mind:
 Pull'd back, and then push'd forward to be kind.
 Virtue, and——fain I would my Silence break,
 But have not yet the Confidence to speak.
 Leave me, and to thy needful Rest repair.

Aur. Rest is not suiting with a Lover's Care.
 I have not yet my *Indamora* seen. [Is going.]

Emp. Somewhat I had forgot; come back again:
 So weary of a Father's Company?

Aur. Sir, you were pleas'd your self to licence me,

Emp. You made me no Relation of the Fight.
 Besides, a Rebel's Army is in sight.

Advise me first: Yet go——

He goes to *Indamora*; I should take [Aside.]
 A kind of envious Joy to keep him back.

Yet to detain him makes my Love appear:

I hate his Presence, and his Absence fear. [Exit.]

Aur. To some new Clime, or to thy native Sky,
 Oh friendless and forsaken Virtue fly.

Thy *Indian* Air is deadly to thee grown:

Deceit and canker'd Malice rule thy Throne.

Why did my Arms in Battel prosp'rous prove,

To gain the barren Praise of filial Love?

The best of Kings by Women is mis-led,

Charm'd by the Witchcraft of a second Bed.

Against my self I Victorious have won,

And by my fatal Absence am undone.

To him *Indamora*, with *Arimant*.

But here she comes!

In the calm Harbour of whose gentle Breast,

My Tempest-beaten Soul may safely rest.

Oh, my Heart's Joy! whate'er may Sorrows be,

They cease and vanish, in beholding thee!

Care shuns thy Walks; as at the chearful Light,

The groaning Ghosts, and Birds obscene take flight.

By this one View, all my past Pains are paid:

And all I have to come more easy made.

Ind.

Ind. Such sullen Planets at my Birth did shine,
They threaten every Fortune mixt with mine.
Fly the Pursuit of my disastrous Love,
And from unhappy Neighbourhood remove.

Aur. Bid the laborious Hind,
Whose hardned Hands did long in Tillage toil,
Neglect the promis'd Harvest of the Soil.
Should I, who cultivated Love with Blood,
Refuse Possession of approaching Good?

Ind. Love is an airy Good, Opinion makes:
Which he who only thinks he has, partakes.
Seen by a strong Imagination's Beam;
That tricks and dresses up the gaudy Dream.
Presented so, with Rapture 'tis enjoy'd:
Rais'd by high Fancy, and by low destroy'd.

Aur. If Love be Vision, mine has all the Fire
Which, in first Dreams, young Prophets do inspire:
I dream, in you, our promis'd Paradise:
An Age's Tumult of continu'd Bliss.
But you have still your Happiness in doubt:
Or else 'tis past, and you have dreamt it out.

Ind. Perhaps not so.

Aur. ——— Can *Indamora* prove
So alter'd? Is it but, perhaps you Love?
Then farewell all! I thought in you to find
A Balm, to cure my much distemper'd Mind.
I came to grieve a Father's Heart estrang'd;
But little thought to find a Mistress chang'd.
Nature her self is chang'd to punish me:
Virtue turn'd Vice, and Faith Inconstancy.

Ind. You heard me not Inconstancy confess:
'Twas but a Friend's Advice to love me less.
Who knows what adverse Fortune may befall?
Arm well your Mind: Hope little, and fear all.
Hope, with a goodly Prospect, feeds your Eye:
Shows, from a rising Ground, Possession nigh:
Shortens the Distance, or o'er-looks it quite:
So easy 'tis to travel with the Sight.

Aur. Then to Despair you would my Love betray,
By taking Hope, its last kind Friend, away.

You hold the Glass, but turn the Perspective;
 And farther off the lessen'd Object drive,
 You bid me fear: In that your Change I know
 You would prepare me for the coming Blow.
 But, to prevent you, take my last Adieu;
 I'll sadly tell my self you are untrue,
 Rather than stay to hear it told by you. [Going.]

Ind. Stay, *Aureng-Zebe*, I must not let you go.
 And yet believe your self, your own worst Foe,
 Think I am true, and seek no more to know.
 Let in my Breast the fatal Secret lie,
 'Tis a sad Riddle, which, if known, we die.

[Seeming to pause.]
Aur. Fair Hypocrite, you seek to cheat in vain;
 Your Silence argues you ask time to feign.
 Once more, farewell: The Snare in sight is laid,
 'Tis my own Fault if I am now betray'd. [Going again.]

Ind. Yet once more stay; you shall believe me true,
 Though in one Fate I wrap my self and you.
 Your Absence ———

Arim. ——— Hold; you know the hard Command
 I must obey: You only can withstand
 Your own Mishap. I beg you on my Knee,
 Be not unhappy by your own Decree.

Aur. Speak, Madam, by (if that be yet an Oath)
 Your Love, I'm pleas'd we should be ruin'd both.
 Both is a sound of Joy.
 In Death's dark Bow'rs our Bridals we will keep:
 And his cold Hand

Shall draw the Curtain when we go to sleep.

Ind. Know then, that Man whom both of us did trust,
 Has been to you unkind, to me unjust.
 The Guardian of my Faith so false did prove,
 As to sollicite me with lawless Love:

Pray'd; promis'd, threaten'd, all that Man could do,
 Base as he's great; and need I tell you who?

Aur. Yes; for I'll not believe my Father meant:
 Speak quickly, and my impious Thoughts prevent.

Ind. You've said; I wish I could some other name!

Arim. My Duty must excuse me, Sir, from blame.

AURENG-ZEBE.

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A Guard there.

Enter Guards.

Aur. ——— Slave, for me?

Arim. ——— My Orders are
To seize this Princess, whom the Laws of War
Long since made Prisoner.

Aur. ——— Villain.

Arim. ——— Sir, I know
Your Birth, nor durst another call me so.

Aur. I have redeem'd her; and as mine she's free.

Arim. You may have Right to give her Liberty;
But with your Father, Sir, that Right dispute;
For his Commands to me were absolute;
If she disclos'd his Love, to use the Right
Of War, and to secure her from your Sight.

Aur. I'll rescue her, or die. *[Draws.]*

And you, my Friends, though few, are yet too brave
To see your Gen'ral's Mistress made a Slave. *[All draw.]*

Ind. Hold, my dear Love! if so much Pow'r there lies,
As once you own'd, in *Indamora's* Eyes,
Lose not the Honour you have early won;
But stand the blameless Pattern of a Son.

My Love your Claim inviolate secures:

'Tis writ in Fate, I can be only yours.

My Sufferings for you make your Heart my Due:

Be worthy me, as I am worthy you.

Aur. I've thought, and bless'd be you who gave me
time: *[Putting up his Sword.]*

My Virtue was surpriz'd into a Crime.

Strong Virtue, like strong Nature, struggles still;
Exerts it self, and then throws off the Ill.

I to a Son's and Lover's Praise aspire:

And must fulfil the Parts which both require.

How dear the Cure of Jealousy has cost!

With too much Care and Tenderness y're lost.

So the fond Youth from Hell redeem'd his Prize,

Till looking back, she vanish'd from his Eyes!

[Exeunt severally.]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Betwixt the Acts, a warlike Tune is play'd, shooting of Guns, and Shouts of Soldiers are heard, as in an Assault.

Aurenge-Zebe, Arimant, Asaph Chan, Fazel Chan,
and Solyman.

Aur. **W**Hat Man could do, was by *Morat* perform'd:
The Fortrefs thrice himself in Person storm'd.
Your Valour bravely did th' Assault sustain;
And fill'd the Moats and Ditches with the Slain.
Till, mad with Rage, into the Breach he fir'd:
Slew Friends and Foes, and in the Smoke retir'd.

Arim. To us you give what Praises are not due:
Morat was thrice repuls'd, but thrice by you.
High, over all, was your great Conduct shown:
You sought our Safety, but forgot your own.

Asaph. Their Standard, planted on the Battlement,
Despair and Death among the Soldiers sent:
You, the bold *Omrah* tumbled from the Wall;
And Shouts of Victory pursu'd his Fall.

Fazel. To you, alone, we owe this prosp'rous Day:
Our Wives and Children rescu'd from the Prey:
Know your own Int'rest, Sir, where-e'er you lead,
We jointly vow to own no other Head. [mands;

Soly. Your Wrongs are known. Impose but your Com-
This Hour shall bring you twenty thousand Hands.

Aur. Let them who truly would appear my Friends,
Employ their Swords, like mine, for noble Ends.
No more: Remember you have bravely done:
Shall Treason end, what Loyalty begun?
I own no Wrongs; some Grievance I confess,
But Kings, like Gods, at their own Time redress.
Yet, some becoming Boldness I may use:
I've well deserv'd, nor will he now refuse. [Aside.
EII

I'll strike my Fortunes with him at a Heat:
And give him not the leisure to forget.

[Exit, attended by the Omrah.]

Arim. Oh! *Indamora*, hide these fatal Eyes;
To deep they wound whom they too soon surprize:
My Virtue, Prudence, Honour, Interest, all
Before this universal Monarch fall.
Beauty, like Ice, our Footing does betray;
Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery way?
Pleas'd with the Passage, we slide swiftly on:
And see the Dangers which we cannot shun.

To him *Indamora*.

Ind. I hope my Liberty may reach thus far:
These Terras Walks within my Limits are.
I came to seek you, and to let you know,
How much I to your generous Pity owe.
The King, when he design'd you for my Guard,
Resolv'd he wou'd not make my Bondage hard:
If otherwise, you have deceiv'd his End;
And whom he meant a Guardian, made a Friend.

Arim. A Guardian's Title I must own with Shame:
But should be prouder of another Name.

Ind. And therefore 'twas I chang'd that Name before:
I call'd you Friend, and could you wish for more?

Arim. I dare not ask for what you would not grant:
But Wishes, Madam, are extravagant.
They are not bounded with things possible:
I may wish more than I presume to tell:
Desire's the vast extent of human Mind,
It mounts above, and leaves poor Hope behind.
I could wish —

Ind. What?

[quite:]

Arim. Why did you speak? you've dash'd my Fancy
Ev'n I in th' approaching Minute of Delight.
I must take breath —

Ere I the Rapture of my Wish renew,
And tell you then, It terminates in you.

Ind. Have you consider'd what th' Event would be?
Or know you, *Arimant*, your self, or me?

B 4

Were

Were I no Queen, did you my Beauty weigh,
My Youth in bloom, your Age in its decay?

Arim. I my own Judge, condemn'd my self before
For pity aggravate my Crime no more.

So weak I am; I with a Frown am slain:
You need have us'd but half so much Disdain.

Ind. I am not cruel yet to that degree:
Have better Thoughts both of your self, and me!
Beauty a Monarch is,

Which Kingly Pow'r magnificently proves,
By Crouds of Slaves, and peopled Empire loves:
And such a Slave as you what Queen would lose?
Above the rest, I *Arimant* would choose:
For Counsel, Valour, Truth, and Kindness too,
All I could wish in Man, I find in you.

Arim. What Lover could to greater Joy be rais'd?
I am, methinks, a God, by you thus prais'd.

Ind. To what my not Desert, like yours, pretend?
You have all Qualities ——— that fit a Friend.

Ari. So Mariners mistake the promis'd Guest:
And, with full Sails, on the blind Rocks are lost.
Think you my aged Veins so faintly bear,
They rise no higher than to Friendship's Heat?
So weak your Charms, that like a Winter's Night,
Twinkling with Stars, they freeze me while they light.

Ind. Mistake me not, good *Arimant*, I know
My Beauty's Pow'r, and what my Charms can do,
You your own Talent have not learn'd so well!
But practise one, where you can ne'er excel.
You can at most,

To an indiff'rent Lover's Praise pretend:
But you would spoil an admirable Friend.

Arim. Never was Amity so highly priz'd;
Nor ever any Love so much despis'd.
Ev'n to my self ridiculous I grow;
And would be angry, if I knew but how.

Ind. Do not. Your Anger, like your Love, is vain:
Whene'er I please, you must be pleas'd again.
Knowing what Pow'r I have your Will to bend,
I'll use it; for I need just such a Friend.

You

You must perform, not what you think is fit:
But, to whatever I propose, submit.

Arim. Madam, you have a strange Ascendant gain'd;
You use me like a Courser, spurr'd and rein'd:
If I fly out, my Fierceness you command,
Then sooth, and gently stroke me with your Hand.
Impose; but use your Pow'r of taxing well:
When Subjects cannot Pay, they soon Rebel.

Enter the Emperor, unseen by them.

Ind. My Rebels Punishment would easy prove:
You know y'are in my Pow'r by making Love.

Arim. Would I, without dispute, your Will obey,
And could you, in return, my Life betray?

Emp. What Danger, *Arimant*, is this you fear?
Or what Love-secret which I must not hear?
These alter'd Looks some inward Motion show:
His Cheeks are pale, and yours with Blushes glow.

[To her.]

Ind. 'Tis what, with Justice, may my Anger move:
He has been bold, and talk'd to me of Love.

Arim. I am betray'd, and shall be doom'd to die! *[Aside.]*

Emp. Did he, my Slave, presume to look so high?
That crawling Insect, who from Mud began,
Warm'd by my Beams, and kindled into Man!
Durst he, who does but for my Pleasure live,
Intrench on Love, my great Prerogative?
Print his base Image on his Sovereign's Coin?
'Tis Treason if he stamp his Love with mine.

Arim. 'Tis true, I have been bold, but if it be
A Crime ———

Ind. ——— He means, 'tis only so to me.
You, Sir, should praise, what I must disapprove:
He insolently talk'd to me of Love:
But, Sir, 'twas yours, he made it in your Name:
You, if you please, may all he said disclaim.

Emp. I must disclaim whate'er he can express:
His groveling Sense will show my Passion less.
But stay, if what he said, my Message be,
What Fear, what Danger could arrive from me?

He said, he fear'd you would his Life betray.

Ind. Should he presume again, perhaps I may,
Tho' in your Hands he hazard not his Life,
Remember, Sir, your Fury of a Wife;
Who, not content to be reveng'd on you,
The Agents of your Passion will pursue.

Emp. If I but hear her nam'd, I'm sick that Day:
The Sound is mortal, and frights Life away.
Forgive me, *Arimant*, my jealous Thought:
Distrust in Lovers, is the tender'st Fault.
Leave me, and tell thy self in my Excuse,
Love, and a Crown, no Rivalship can bear;
And precious things are still possess'd with Fear.

[*Exit Arimant bowing.*]

This, Madam, my Excuse to you may plead;
Love should forgive the Faults which Love has made.

Ind. From me, what Pardon can you hope to have,
Robb'd of my Love, and treated as a Slave?

Emp. Force is the last Relief which Lovers find:
And 'tis the best Excuse of Woman-kind.

Ind. Force never yet a generous Heart did gain:
We yield on parley, but are storm'd in vain:
Constraint, in all things, makes the Pleasure less;
Sweet is the Love which comes with Willingness.

Emp. No; 'tis Resistance that inflames Desire:
Sharpens the Darts of Love, and blows his Fire.
Love is disarm'd that meets with too much Ease:
He languishes, and does not care to please.
And therefore 'tis your golden Fruit you guard
With so much care, to make Possession hard.

Ind. Was't not enough you took my Crown away,
But cruelly you must my Love betray?
I was well pleas'd to have transferr'd my Right,
And better chang'd your Claim of lawless Might,
By taking him, whom you esteem'd above
Your other Sons, and taught me first to love.

Emp. My Son by my Command his Course must steer:
I bad him love, I bid him now forbear.
If you have any Kindness for him still,
Advise him not to shock a Father's Will.

Ind.

Ind. Must I advise?

Then let me see him, and I'll try t' obey.

Emp. I had forgot, and dare not trust your way:

But send him word,

He has not here an Army to command:

Remember, he and you are in my Hand.

Ind. Yes, in a Father's Hand, whom he has serv'd;

And, with the hazard of his Life preserv'd.

But Piety to you, unhappy Prince,

Becomes a Crime, and Duty an Offence:

Against your self, you with your Foes combine,

And seem your own Destruction to design.

Emp. You may be pleas'd your Politicks to spare:

I'm old enough, and can my self take care.

Ind. Advice from me was, I confess, too bold:

Y'are old enough; it may be, Sir, too old.

Emp. You please your self with your Contempt of Age;

But Love, neglected, will convert to Rage:

If on your Head my Fury does not turn,

Thank that fond Dotage which so much you scorn:

But, in another's Person, you may prove,

There's Warmth for Vengeance left, tho' not for Love.

Re-enter Arimant.

Arim. The Empress has the Anti-chambers past,

And this way moves with a disorder'd haste:

Her Brows, the stormy Marks of Anger bear.

Emp. Madam, retire: She must not find you here.

[Exit Indamora with Arimant.]

Enter Nourmahal hastily.

Nour. What have I done, that *Nourmahal* must prove

The Scorn and Triumph of a Rival's Love?

My Eyes are still the same, each Glance, each Grace

Keep their first Lustre, and maintain their Place;

Not second yet to any other Face;

Emp. What Rage transports you? Are you well awake?

Such Dreams distracted Minds in Fevers make.

Nour. Those Fevers you have giv'n, those Dreams have

By broken Faith, and an abandon'd Bed: (bred,

Such Visions hourly pass before my Sight;

Which from my Eyes their balmy Slumbers fright,

In the severest Silence of the Night.

Visions,

Visions, which in this Citadel are seen;
Bright, glorious Visions of a Rival Queen.

Emp. Have Patience, my first Flames can ne'er decay;
These are but Dreams, and soon will pass away.
Thou know'st, my Heart, my Empire, all is thine:
In thy own Heav'n of Love serenely shine:
Fair as the Face of Nature did appear, [bear,
When Flowers first peep'd, and Trees did Blossoms }
And Winter had not yet deform'd th'inverted Year.
Calm as the Breath which fans our Eastern Groves,
And bright as when thy Eyes first lighted up our Loves.
Let our eternal Peace be seal'd by this,
With the first Ardour of a Nuptial Kiss. [*Offers to kiss her.*

Nour. Me would you have, me your faint Kisses prove,
The Dregs and Droppings of enervate Love?
Must I your cold long-labouring Age sustain,
And be to empty Joys provok'd in vain?
Receive you sighing after other Charms,
And take an absent Husband in my Arms?

Emp. Even these Reproaches I can bear from you;
You doubted of my Love, believe it true.
Nothing but Love this Patience could produce;
And I allow your Rage that kind Excuse.

Nour. Call it not Patience; 'tis your Guilt stands mute:
You have a Cause too foul to bear dispute.
You wrong me first, and urge my Rage to rise,
Then I must pass for mad; you, meek and wise: }
Good Man, plead Merit by your soft Replies.
Vain Privilege poor Woman have a Tongue:
Men can stand silent, and resolve on Wrong.

Emp. What can I more? my Friendship you refuse,
And even my Mildness, as my Crime, accuse.

Nour. Your sullen Silence cheats not me, false Man;
I know you think the bloodiest things you can.
Could you accuse me, you would raise your Voice:
Watch for my Crimes, and in my Guilt rejoice.
But my known Virtue is from Scandal free,
And leaves no Shadow for your Calumny.

Emp. Such Virtue is the Plague of human Life:
A virtuous Woman, but a curst Wife.

In vain of pompous Chastity y^e are proud:
 Virtue's Adultery of the Tongue, when loud.
 I, with less pain, a Prostitute could bear,
 Than the shrill Sound of Virtue, Virtue hear.
 In unchaste Wives ———

There's yet a kind of recompensing Ease:
 Vice keeps 'em humble, gives 'em care to please:
 But against clamorous Virtue, what Defence?
 It stops our Mouths, and gives your Noise Pretence.

Nour. Since Virtue does your Indignation raise,
 'Tis pity but you had that Wife you praise.
 Your own wild Appetites are prone to range;
 And then you tax our Humours with your Change.

Emp. What can be sweeter than our native Home?
 Thither for Ease, and soft Repose, we come:
 Home is the sacred Refuge of our Life:
 Secur'd from all Approaches but a Wife.
 If thence we fly, the Cause admits no Doubt:
 None but an Inmate Foe could force us out.

Clamours, our Privacies uneasy make; [forsake]
 Birds leave their Nests disturb'd, and Beasts their Haunts

Nour. Honour's my Crime, that has your loathing bred:
 You take no Pleasure in a virtuous Bed.

Emp. What Pleasure can there be in that Estate,
 Which your Unquietness has made me hate?
 I shrink far off ———
 Dissembling Sleep, but wakeful with the Fright.
 The Day takes off the Pleasure of the Night.

Nour. My Thoughts no other Joys but Pow^r's pursue:
 Or, if they did, they must be lost in you.
 And yet the Fault's not mine ———

Tho' Youth and Beauty cannot Warmth command;
 The Sun in vain shines on the barren Sand.

Emp. 'Tis true, of Marriage-bands I'm weary grown;
 Love scorns all Ties, but those that are his own.
 Chains that are dragg'd, must needs uneasy prove:
 For there's a God-like Liberty in Love.

Nour. What's Love to you?
 The Bloom of Beauty other Years demands;
 Nor will be gather'd by such wither'd Hands:

You

You importune it with a false Desire;
 Which sparkles out, and makes no solid Fire:
 This Impudence of Age, whence can it spring?
 All you expect, and yet you nothing bring:
 Eager to ask, when you are past a Grant;
 Nice in providing what you cannot want.
 Have Conscience; give not her you love this Pain;
 Solicite not your self, and her, in vain.
 All other Debts may Compensation find,
 But Love is strict, and will be paid in kind.

Emp. Sure, of all Ills, Domestick are the worst;
 When most secure of Blessings, we are curst:
 When we lay next us what we hold most dear,
 Like *Hercules*, invenom'd Shirts we wear,
 And cleaving Mischiefs.

Nour. ——— What you merit, have;
 And share, at least, the Miseries you gave:
 Your Days I will alarm, I'll haunt your Nights;
 And, worse than Age, disable your Delights:
 May your sick Fame still languish, 'till it die;
 All Offices of Pow'r neglected lie,
 And you grow cheap in every Subject's Eye:
 Then, as the greatest Curse that I can give;
 Unpitied, be depos'd; and after live.

[Going off.]

Emp. Stay; and now learn,
 How criminal soe'er we Husbands are,
 'Tis not for Wives to push our Crimes too far:
 Had you still Mistress of your Temper been,
 I had been modest, and not own'd my Sin.
 Your Fury hardens me: And whate'er Wrong
 You suffer, you have cancell'd by your Tongue:
 A Guard there; seize her: She shall know this Hour,
 What is a Husband's and a Monarch's Pow'r.

[Guard seizes her.]

Enter Aureng-Zebe.

Nour. I see for whom your Charter you maintain:
 I must be fetter'd, and my Son be slain,
 That *Zelyma's* ambitious Race may reign.
 Not so you promis'd, when my Beauty drew
 All *Asia's* Vows; when *Persia* left for you

The

The Realm of *Candahar* for Dow'r I brought :
That long-contended Prize for which you fought.

Aur. The Name of Step-mother, your practis'd Art,
By which you have estrang'd my Father's Heart;
All you have done against me, or design,
Shows your Aversion, but begets not mine.
Long may my Father *India's* Empire guide :
And may no Breach your Nuptial Vows divide.

Emp. Since Love obliges not, I from this Hour
Assume the Right of Man's despotick Pow'r :
Man is by Nature form'd your Sex's Head :
And is himself the Canon of his Bed.
In Bands of Iron fetter'd you shall be :
An easier Yoke than what you put on me.

Aur. Though much I fear my Int'rest is not great,
[Kneeling]

Let me your Royal Clemency intreat.
Secrets of Marriage still are Sacred held :
There sweet and bitter by the wise conceal'd.
Errors of Wives reflect on Husbands still :
And, when divulg'd, proclaim you've chosen ill.
And the mysterious Pow'r of Bed and Throne,
Should always be maintain'd, but rarely shown.

Emp. To so perverse a Sex all Grace is vain :
It gives them Courage to offend again :
For with feign'd Tears they Penitence pretend :
Again are pardon'd, and again offend.
Fathom our Pity when they seem to grieve ;
Only to try how far we can forgive :
Till lanching out into a Sea of Strife,
They scorn all Pardon, and appear all Wife.
But be it as you please : For your lov'd sake,
This last and fruitless Trial I will make.
In all Requests, your Right of Merit use :
And know, There is but one I can refuse.

[He signs to the Guards, and they remove from the Empress.]

Nour. You've done enough, for you design'd my Chains :
The Grace is vanish'd, but th' Affront remains.
Nor is't a Grace, or for his Merit done ;
You durst no farther, for you fear'd my Son :

This

This you have gain'd by the rough Course you prove;
I'm past Repentance, and you past my Love. [Exit.]

Emp. A Spirit so untam'd the World ne'er bore.

Aur. And yet worse Usage had incens'd her more:

But since by no Obligement she is ty'd,

You must betimes for your Defense provide:

I cannot idle in your Danger stand;

But beg once more I may your Arms command:

Two Battels your auspicious Cause has won;

My Sword can perfect what it has begun,

And, from your Walls, dislodge that haughty Son.

Emp. My Son, your Valour has, this Day, been such,
None can admire, or praise too much.

But now, with Reason, your Success I doubt:

Her Faction's strong within, his Arms without.

Aur. I left the City in a Panick Fright:

Lions they are in Council, Lambs in Fight.

But my own Troops, by *Mirzah* led, are near:

I, by to-morrow's dawn, expect 'em here.

To favour 'em, I'll sally out ere Day,

And through our slaughter'd Foes enlarge their Way.

Emp. Age has not yet

So shrunk my Sinews, or so chill'd my Veins,

But conscious Virtue in my Breast remains:

But had I now

That Strength, with which my boiling Youth was

When in the Vale of *Balasor* I fought, [fraught,

And from *Bengal* their Captive Monarch brought;

When Elephant 'gainst Elephant did rear

His Trunk, and Castles justl'd in the Air;

My Sword thy way to Victory had shown:

And ow'd the Conquest to it self alone.

Aur. Those fair Idea's to my Aid I'll call,

And emulate my great Original.

Or, if they fail, I will invoke in Arms,

The Pow'r of Love, and *Indamora's* Charms.

Emp. I doubt the happy Influence of your Star;

T' invoke a Captive's Name bodes ill in War.

Aur. Sir, give me leave to say, Whatever now

The Omen prove, it boded well to you,

Your

Your Royal Promise when I went to fight;

Oblig'd me to resign a Victor's Right.

Her Liberty I fought for, and I won:

And claim it as your General, and your Son.

Emp. My Ears still ring with Noise; I'm vex'd to Death;
Tongue-kill'd, and have not yet recover'd Breath.

Nor will I be prescrib'd my Time by you:

First end the War, and then your Claim renew.

While to your Conduct I my Fortune trust,

To keep this Pledge of Duty is but just.

Aur. Some hidden Cause your Jealousy does move;
Or you could ne'er suspect my Loyal Love.

Emp. What Love soever by an Heir is shown,
He waits but time to step into the Throne.

You're neither justify'd, nor yet accus'd:

Mean while, the Pris'ner with Respect is us'd.

Aur. I know the Kindness of her Guardian such;
I need not fear too little, but too much.

But, how, Sir, how have you from Virtue swerv'd?

Or what so ill Return have I deserv'd?

You doubt not me, nor have I spent my Blood,

To have my Faith no better understood:

Your Soul's above the Baseness of Distrust:

Nothing but Love could make you so unjust.

Emp. You know your Rival then; and know 'tis fit,
The Son's should to the Father's Claim submit.

Aur. Sons may have right, which they can never quit.

Your self first made that Title which I claim:

First bid me Love, and authoriz'd my Flame.

Emp. The Value of my Gift I did not know:

If I could give, I can resume it too.

Aur. Recal your Gift, for I your Power confess:

But first, take back my Life, a Gift that's less.

Long Life would now but a long Burthen prove:

You're grown unkind, and I have lost your Love.

My Grief lets unbecoming Speeches fall:

I should have dy'd, and not complain'd at all.

Emp. Witness ye Pow'rs,

How much I suffer'd, and how long I strove

Against th' Assaults of this imperious Love!

I represented to my self the Shame
Of perjur'd Faith, and violated Fame.
Your great Deserts, how ill they were repaid;
All Arguments, in vain, I urg'd and weigh'd:
For mighty Love, who Prudence does despise,
For Reason, show'd me *Indamora's* Eyes.
What would you more, my Crime I sadly view,
Acknowledge, am asham'd, and yet pursue.

Aur. Since you can Love, and yet your Error see,
The same resistless Pow'r may plead for me.
With no less Ardor, I my Claim pursue:
I love, and cannot yield her even to you.

Emp. Your elder Brothers, though o'ercome, have Right:
The youngest yet in Arms prepar'd to fight.
But, yielding her, I firmly have decreed,
That you alone to Empire shall succeed.

Aur. To After-ages let me stand a Shame,
When I exchange for Crowns my Love or Fame.
You might have found a Mercenary Son,
To profit of the Battels he had won:
Had I been such, what hinder'd me to take
The Crown? nor had th' Exchange been yours to make.
While you are living, I no Right pretend;
Wear it, and let it where you please descend.
But from my Love, 'tis Sacrilege to part:
There, there's my Throne, in *Indamora's* Heart.

Emp. 'Tis in her Heart alone that you must Reign:
You'll find her Person difficult to gain.
Give willingly what I can take by Force:
And know, Obedience is your safest Course.

Aur. I'm taught, by Honour's Precepts to obey:
Fear to Obedience is a slavish Way.
If ought my want of Duty could beget;
You take the most prevailing Means, to threat.
Pardon your Blood that boils within my Veins;
It rises high, and menacing disdains.
Even Death's become to me no dreadful Name:
I've often met him, and have made him tame:
In fighting Fields, where our Acquaintance grew,
I saw him, and contemn'd him first for you.

Emp.

Emp. Of formal Duty make no more thy boast :
 Thou disobey'st where it concerns me most.
 Fool, with both Hands thus to push back a Crown :
 And headlong cast thy self from Empire down.
 Though *Nourmahal* I hate, her Son shall reign :
 Inglorious thou, by thy own Fault remain.
 Thy younger Brother I'll admit this Hour :
 So mine shall be thy Mistress, his thy Power. [*Exit.*]

Aur. How vain is Virtue which directs our Ways
 Through certain Danger to uncertain Praise !
 Barren, and airy Name ! the Fortune flies ;
 With thy lean Train, the Pious and the Wise.
 Heav'n takes thee at thy Word, without regard ;
 And lets thee poorly be thy own Reward.
 The World is made for the bold impious Man ;
 Who stops at nothing, seizes all he can.
 Justice to Merit does weak Aid afford ;
 She trusts her Balance, and neglects her Sword.
 Virtue is nice to take what's not her own ;
 And, while she long consults, the Prize is gone.
To him, Dianet.

Dia. Forgive the Bearer of unhappy News :
 Your alter'd Father openly pursues
 Your Ruin ; and, to compass his Intent,
 For violent *Morat* in haste has sent.
 The Gates he order'd all to be unbarr'd :
 And from the Market-place to draw the Guard !

Aur. How look the People in this turn of State ?

Dia. They mourn your Ruin as their proper Fate ;
 Cursing the Empress : For they think it done
 By her Procurement, to advance her Son.
 Him too, though aw'd, they scarcely can forbear :
 His Pride they hate, his violence they fear.
 All bent to rise, would you appear their Chief,
 Till your own Troops come up to your Relief.

Aur. Ill treated and forsaken, as I am,
 I'll not betray the Glory of my Name :
 'Tis not for me, who have preserv'd a State,
 To buy an Empire at so base a Rate.

Dia.

Dia. The Points of Honour Poets may produce;
Trappings of Life for Ornament, not Use:
Honour, which only does the Name Advance,
Is the meer raving Madness of Romance.
Pleas'd with a Word, you may sit tamely down;
And see your younger Brother force the Crown.

Aur. I know my Fortune in Extremes does lie:
The Sons of *Indostan* must reign, or die.
That desperate hazard Courage does create;
As he plays frankly, who has least Estate,
And that the World the Coward will despise,
When Life's a Blank, who pulls not for a Prize?

Dia. Of all your Knowledge, this vain Fruit you have,
To walk with Eyes broad open to your Grave.

Aur. From what I've said, conclude without reply,
I neither would Usurp nor tamely die.
Th' attempt to fly, would Guilt betray, or Fear:
Besides, 'twere vain; the Fort's our Prison here.
Somewhat I have resolv'd——

Morat, perhaps, has Honour in his Breast:
And, in Extremes, bold Counsels are the best.
Like Emp'rick Remedies, they last are try'd;
And by th' Event condemn'd, or justify'd.
Presence of Mind and Courage, in Distress,
Are more than Armies to procure Success.

[Exit]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Arimant, with a Letter in his Hand : *Indamora*

Arim. **A**ND I, the Messenger to him from you?
Your Empire you to Tyranny pursue:
You lay Commands, both cruel and unjust,
To serve my Rival, and betray my Trust.

Ind. You first betray'd your trust in loving me,
And should not I my own Advantage see?

Serving

Serving my Love, you may my Friendship gain;

You know the rest of your Pretences vain.

You must, my *Arimant*, you must be kind:

'Tis in your Nature, and your noble Mind.

Arim. I'll to the King, and straight my Trust resign.

Ind. His Trust you may, but you shall never mine.

Heav'n made you love me for no other End,

But to become my Confident and Friend;

As such, I keep no Secret from your Sight,

And therefore make you judge how ill I write:

Read it, and tell me freely then your Mind:

If 'tis indited as I meant it, kind.

Arim. I ask not Heav'n my Freedom to restore, [Reading.

But only for your sake——I'll read no more:

And yet I must——

Less for my own, than for your Sorrow, sad— [Reading.

Another Line, like this would make me mad——

Heav'n! she goes on—yet more—and yet more kind!

[As reading.

Each Sentence is a Dagger to my Mind.

See me this Night——

[Reading.

Thank Fortune, who did such a Friend provide,

For Faithful *Arimant* shall be your Guide,

Not only to be made an Instrument,

But pre-engag'd without my own Consent!

Ind. Unknown t'engage you still augment my Score;

And gives you Scope of meriting the more.

Arim. The best of Men

Some interest in their Actions must confess;

None merit, but in hope they may possess.

The fatal Paper rather let me tear,

Than, like *Bellerophon*, my own Sentence bear.

Ind. You may; but 'twill not be your best Advice:

'Twill only give me Pains of Writing twice.

You know you must obey me, soon or late:

Why should you vainly struggle with your Fate?

Arim. I thank thee, Heav'n, thou hast been wondrous kind!

Why am I thus to Slavery design'd,

And yet am cheated with a freeborn Mind?

Or

Or make thy Orders with my Reason sute,
Or let me live by Sense a glorious Brute

[*She frowns.*]

You frown, and I obey with speed, before
That dreadful Sentence comes, *See me no more* :
See me no more ! that Sound, methinks, I hear
Like the last Trumpet thund'ring in my Ear.

Enter Solyman.

Solym. The Princess *Melesinda*, bath'd in Tears,
And tofs'd alternately with Hopes and Fears,
If your Affairs such leisure can afford,
Would learn from you the Fortunes of her Lord.

Arim. Tell her, that I some Certainty may bring ;
I go this Minute to attend the King.

Ind. This lonely Turtle I desire to see :
Grief, tho' not cur'd, is eas'd by Company.

Arim. to Solym. Say, if she please, she hither may
repair,

And breathe the freshness of the open Air. *Exit Solym.*

Ind. Poor Princess ! how I pity her Estate.
Wrapt in the Ruins of her Husband's Fate !
She mourn'd *Morat* should in Rebellion rise ;
Yet he offends, and She's the Sacrifice.

Arim. Not knowing his Design, at Court she staid ;
'Till, by Command, close Pris'ner she was made.
Since when,

Her Chains with *Roman* Constancy she bore ;
But that, perhaps, an *Indian* Wife's is more.

Ind. Go bring her Comfort ; leave me here alone.

Arim. My Love must still be in Obedience shown.

[*Exit Arim.*]

Enter Melesinda, led by Solyman, who retires afterwards.

Ind. When graceful Sorrow in her Pomp appears,
Sure she is dress'd in *Melesinda's* Tears.

Your Head reclin'd (as hiding Grief from view)
Droops, like a Rose surcharg'd with Morning Dew.

Mel. Can Flow'rs but droop in absence of the Sun,
Which wak'd their Sweets ? And mine, alas ! is gone.
But you the noblest Charity express :
For they who shine in Courts, still shun Distress.

Ind.

Ind. Distress'd my self, like you, confin'd I live:
And therefore can Compassion take, and give.
Were both Love's Captives, but with Fate so cross,
One must be happy by the other's loss.

Morat, or Aureng-Zebe must fall this Day.

Mel. Too truly *Tamerlain's* Successors they;
Each thinks a World too little for his Sway,
Could you and I the same Pretences bring,
Mankind should with more ease receive a King:
I would to you the narrow World resign,
And want no Empire while *Morat* was mine.

Ind. Wish'd freedom I presage you soon will find;
If Heav'n be just, and be to Virtue kind.

Mel. Quite otherwise my Mind foretells my Fate:
Short is my Life, and that Unfortunate.

Yet should I not complain, would Heav'n afford
Some little time, ere Death, to see my Lord.

Ind. These Thoughts are but your Melancholy's Food:
Rais'd from a lonely Life, and dark Abode:

But whatsoe'er our jarring Fortunes prove,
Though our Lords hate, methinks we two may love.

Mel. Such be our Loves as may not yield to Fate;
I bring a Heart more true than fortunate.

[Giving their Hands.]

To them, *Arimant*.

Arim. I come with haste surprising News to bring:
In two Hours time, since last I saw the King,
Th' Affairs of Court have wholly chang'd their Face:
Unhappy *Aureng-Zebe* is in disgrace:

And your *Morat*, (proclaim'd the Successor)

Is call'd, to awe the City with his Power.

Those Trumpets his triumphant Entry tell,

And now the Shouts waft near the Citadel.

Ind. See, Madam, see th' Event by me foreshown:

I envy not your Chance, but grieve my own.

Mel. A Change so unexpected must surprise:

And more, because I am unus'd to Joys.

Ind. May all your Wishes ever prosp'rous be,

But I'm too much concern'd th' Event to see.

My Eyes too tender are——

To

To view my Lord become the publick Scorn.
I came to comfort, and I go to mourn. [*Taking her leave.*]

Mel. Stay, I'll not see my Lord,
Before I give your Sorrow some Relief;
And pay the Charity you lend my Grief.
Here he shall see me first with you confin'd:
And, if your Virtue fail to move his Mind,
I'll use my Int'rest that he may be kind.
Fear not, I never mov'd him yet in vain.

Ind. So fair a Pleader any Cause may gain.

Mel. I have no taste, methinks, of coming Joy;
For black Presages all my Hopes destroy.
Die, something whispers, *Melesinda*, die;
Fulfil, fulfil, thy mournful Destiny.
Mine is a Gleam of Bliss, too hot to last,
Watry it shines, and will be soon o'er-cast.

Indamora and Melesinda re-enter, as into the Chamber.

Arim. Fortune seems weary grown of *Aureng-Zebe*,
While to her new-made Favourite, *Morat*,
Her lavish Hand is wastefully profuse:
With Fame and flowing Honours tided in,
Born on a swelling Current smooth beneath him.
The King and haughty Empress, to our Wonder,
If not aton'd, yet seemingly at peace,
As Fate for him that Miracle reserv'd.

Enter in Triumph, Emperor, Morat, and Train.

Emp. I have confess'd I love.

As I interpret fairly your Design,
So look not with severer Eyes on mine.
Your Fate has call'd you to th' Imperial Seat:
In Duty be, as you in Arms are, great.
For *Aureng-Zebe* a hated Name is grown,
And Love less bears a Rival than the Throne.

Mor. To me, the Cries of fighting Fields are Charms:
Keen be my Sable, and of Proof my Arms,

I ask no other Blessing of my Stars:
No Prize but Fame, nor Mistress but the Wars.
I scarce am pleas'd, I tamely mount the Throne:
Would *Aureng-Zebe* had all their Souls in one:

With all my elder Brothers I would fight,
And so from partial Nature force my Right.

Emp. Had we but lasting Youth, and Time to spare,
Some might be thrown away on Fame and War :
But Youth, the perishing Good, runs on too fast :
And unenjoy'd will spend it self to waste ;
Few know the Use of Life before 'tis past.
Had I once more thy Vigour to Command,
I would not let it die upon my Hand :
No Hour of Pleasure should pass empty by,
Youth should watch Joys, and shoot 'em as they fly.

Mor. Methinks all Pleasure is in Greatness found :
Kings, like Heav'n's Eye, should spread their Beams
around,

Pleas'd to be seen, while Glory's Race they run :
Rest is not for the Chariot of the Sun.
Subjects are stiff-neck'd Animals, they soon
Feel slacken'd Reins, and pitch their Rider down.

Emp. To thee that Drudgery of Pow'r I give :
Cares be thy Lot : Reign thou, and let me live.
The Fort I'll keep for my Security ;
Bus'ness, and publick State resign to thee.

Mor. Luxurious Kings are to their People lost :
They live, like Drones, upon the publick Cost.
My Arms, from Pole to Pole, the World shall shake :
And, with my self, keep all Mankind awake.

Emp. Believe me, Son, and needless Trouble spare ;
'Tis a base World, and is not worth our Care :
The Vulgar, a scarce animated Clod,
Ne'er pleas'd with ought above 'em, Prince or God.
Were I a God, the drunken Globe should roul :
The little Emmets with the human Soul,
Care for themselves, while at my Ease I sat,
And second Causes did the Work of Fate :
Or, if I would take care, that Care should be
For Wit that scorn'd the World, and liv'd like me.

To them, Nourmahal, Zayda, and Attendants.

Nour. My dear Morat, [Embracing her Son]
This Day propitious to us all has been :
You're now a Monarch's Heir, and I a Queen.

Your youthful Father now may quit the State;
And find the Ease he sought, indulg'd by Fate.
Cares shall not keep him on the Throne awake,
Nor break the golden Slumbers he would take.

Emp. In vain I struggl'd to the Goal of Life,
While Rebel-Sons, and an imperious Wife,
Still dragg'd me backward into Noise and Strife.

Mor. Be that remembrance lost; and be't my Pride
To be your Pledge of Peace on either side.

To them, Aureng-Zebe.

Aur. With all th' assurance Innocence can bring,
Fearless without, because secure within,
Arm'd with my Courage, unconcern'd I see
This Pomp; a Shame to you, a Pride to me.
Shame is but where with Wickedness 'tis join'd;
And, while no Baseness in this Breast I find,
I have not lost the Birth-right of my Mind.

Emp. Children (the blind Effect of Love and Chance,
Form'd by their sportive Parents ignorance)
Bear from their Birth th' Impressions of a Slave:
Whom Heav'n for Play-games first, and then for Service
One then may be displac'd, and one may reign: [gave,
And want of Merit, render Birth-right vain.

Mor. Comes he t'upbraid us with his Innocence?
Seize him, and take the preaching Brachman hence.

Aur. Stay, Sir; I, from my Years, no Merit plead:
[To his Father.

All my Designs and Acts to Duty lead:
Your Life and Glory are my only End;
And for that Prize I with *Morat* contend.

Mor. Not him alone; I all Mankind defy:
Who dares adventure more for both than I?

Aur. I know you brave, and take you at your Word:
That present Service which you vaunt, afford.
Our two Rebellious Brothers are not dead:
Though vanquish'd, yet again they gather Head.
I dare you, as your Rival in Renown,
March out your Army from th' Imperial Town:
Choose whom you please, the other leave to me:
And set our Father absolutely free,

This,

This, if you do, to end all future Strife,
I am content to lead a private Life :
Disband my Army to secure the State,
Nor aim at more, but leave the rest to Fate.

Mor. I'll do't. Draw out my Army on the Plain ;
War is to me a Pastime, Peace a Pain.

Emp. Think better first. [To *Mor.*
You see your self inclos'd beyond Escape, [To *Aur.*
And therefore, *Proteus*-like, you change your Shape.
Of Promise prodigal, while Pow'r you want,
And preaching in the self-denying Cant.

Mor. Plot better ; for these Arts too obvious are,
Of gaining Time, the Master-piece of War ;
Is *Aureng-Zebe* so known ?

Aur. ——— If Acts like mine,
So far from Int'rest, Profit, or Design,
Can show my Heart, by those I would be known ;
I wish you could as well defend your own.
My absent Army for my Father fought :
Yours, in these Walls, is to enslave him brought.
If I come singly, you an armed Guest,
The World with ease may judge whose Cause is best.

Mor. My Father saw you ill Designs pursue :
And my Admission show'd his Fear of you.

Aur. Himself best knows why he his Love withdraws :
I owe him more than to declare the Cause.
But still I press our Duty may be shown
By Arms.

Mor. ——— I'll vanquish all his Foes alone.

Aur. You speak as if you could the Fates command,
And had no need of any other Hand.
But, since my Honour you so far suspect,
'Tis just I should on your Designs reflect.
To prove your self a loyal Son, declare
You'll lay down Arms when you conclude the War.

Mor. No present Answer your Demand requires ;
The War once done, I'll do what Heav'n inspires :
And while the Sword this Monarchy secures,
'Tis manag'd by an abler Arm than yours.

Emp. *Morat's* Design a doubtful Meaning bears :
In *Aureng-Zebe* true Loyalty appears. [Apart.]

He, for my Safety, does his own despise ;
Still, with his Wrongs, I find his Duty rise :
I feel my Virtue struggling in my Soul,
But stronger Passion does its Pow'r controul :
Yet be advis'd your Ruin to prevent : [To *Aur.* apart,
You might be safe, if you would give consent.

Aur. So to your Welfare I of use may be,
My Life or Death are equal both to me.

Emp. The Peoples Hearts are yours ; the Fort yet
Be wise, and *Indamora's* Love resign. [mine :
I am observ'd : Remember that I give
This my last Proof of Kindness, die or live.

Aur. Life, with my *Indamora*, I would choose ;
But, losing her, the End of Living lose.
I had consider'd all I ought before ;
And Fear of Death can make me change no more.
The Peoples Love so little I esteem,
Condemn'd by you, I would not live by them.
May he who must your Favour now possess,
Much better serve you, and not love you less.

Emp. I've heard you ; and, to finish the Debate,
Commit that Rebel Pris'ner to the State. [Aloud.]

Mor. The deadly Draught he shall begin this Day :
And languish with insensible Decay.

Aur. I hate the lingring Summons to attend,
Death all at once would be the nobler End :
Fate is unkind ! methinks a General
Should warm, and at the Head of Armies fall.
And my Ambition did that Hope pursue,
That so I might have dy'd in fight for you. [To his Father.]

Mor. Would I had been Disposer of thy Stars ;
Thou should'st have had thy Wish, and dy'd in Wars ;
'Tis I, not thou, have reason to repine,
That thou should'st fall by any Hand but mine.

Aur. When thou wert form'd, Heav'n did a Man begin,
But the brute Soul, by chance, was shuffl'd in :
In Woods and Wilds thy Monarchy maintain ;
Where valiant Beasts, by Force and Rapine, reign.

In Life's next Scene, if Transmigration be,
Some Bear or Lion is reserv'd for thee.

Mor. Take heed thou com'st not in that Lion's way :
I prophesy thou wilt thy Soul convey
Into a Lamb, and be again my Prey :
Hence with that dreaming Priest.

Nour. ——— Let me prepare
The pois'nous Draught : His Death shall be my Care.
Near my Apartment let him Pris'ner be :
That I his hourly Ebbs of Life may see.

Aur. My Life I would not ransom with a Pray'r :
'Tis vile, since 'tis not worth my Father's Care.
I go not, Sir, indebted to my Grave :

You paid yourself, and took the Life you gave. *[Exit.]*

Emp. O that I had more Sense of Virtue left, *[Aside.]*
Or were of that, which yet remains, bereft :
I've just enough to know how I offend,
And, to my Shame, have not enough to mend.
Lead to the Mosque ———

Mor. Love's Pleasures why should dull Devotion stay?
Heav'n to my *Melesinda's* but the way.

[Exeunt Emperor, Morat, and Train.]

Zayd. Sure *Aureng-Zebe* has somewhat of Divine,
Whose Virtue through so dark a Cloud can shine:
Fortune has from *Morat* this Day remov'd
The greatest Rival, and the best belov'd.

Nour. He is not yet remov'd.

Zayd. ——— He lives, tis true ;
But soon must die, and, what I mourn, by you.

Nour. My *Zayda*, may thy Words prophetic be :
[Embracing her eagerly.]

I take the Omen, let him die by me.
He stifi'd in my Arms shall lose his Breath :
And Life it self shall envious be of Death.

Zayd. Bless me, you Pow'rs above !

Nour. Why dost thou start ?
Is Love so strange ? or have not I a Heart ?
Could *Aureng-Zebe* so lovely seem to thee,
And I want Eyes that noble Worth to see ?

Thy little Soul was but to Wonder mov'd :
My Sense of it was higher, and I lov'd.
That Man, that God-like Man, so brave, so great ;
But these are thy small Praises I repeat.
I'm carry'd by a Tide of Love away :
He's somewhat more than I my self can say.

Zayd. Though all th' Ideas you can form be true,
He must not, cannot be possess'd by you :
If contradicting Int'rests could be mixt,
Nature her self has cast a Bar betwixt :
And, ere you reach to this incestuous Love,
You must divine and human Rights remove.

Nour. Count this among the Wonders Love has done :
I had forgot he was my Husband's Son !

Zayd. Nay, more ; you have forgot who is your own :
For whom your Care so long design'd the Throne.
Morat must fall, if *Aureng-Zebe* should rise.

Nour. 'Tis true ; but who was e'er in Love, and wise ?
Why was that fatal Knot of Marriage ty'd,
Which did, by making us too near, divide ?
Divides me from my Sex ! for Heav'n, I find,
Excludes but me alone of Woman-kind.
I stand with Guilt confounded, lost with Shame,
And yet made wretched only by a Name.
If Names have such command on human Life,
Love sure's a Name that's more Divine than Wife.
That Sovereign Power all Guilt from Action takes,
At least the Stains are beautiful it makes.

Zayd. Th' incroaching Ill you early should oppose :
Flatter'd 'tis worse, and by Indulgence grows.

Nour. Alas ! and what have I not said or done ?
I fought it to the last : And Love has won.
A bloody Conquest ; which Destruction brought,
And ruin'd all the Country where he fought.
Whether this Passion from above was sent,
The Fate of him Heav'n favours to prevent,
Or as the Curse of Fortune in excess ;
That, stretching, would beyond its reach possess :
And, with a Taste which Plenty does deprave,
Loaths lawful Good, and lawless Ill does crave ?

Zayd.

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Zayd. But yet consider——

Nour. —— No, 'tis loss of Time :
Think how to further, not divert my Crime.
My artful Engines instantly I'll move :
And choose the soft and gentlest Hour of Love.
The Under-Provost of the Fort is mine :
But see, *Morat* ! I'll whisper my Design.

Enter Morat with Arimant, as talking: Attendants.

Arim. And for that Cause was not in publick seen :
But stays in Prison with the captive Queen.

Mor. Let my Attendants wait ; I'll be alone :
Where least of State, there most of Love is shown.

Nour. My Son, your Bus'ness is not hard to guess ;
[To Morat.]

Long Absence makes you eager to possess :
I will not importune you by my Stay ;
She merits all the Love which you can pay.

[Exit with Zayda.]

Re-enter Arimant, with Melesinda; then Exit. Morat runs to Melesinda, and embraces her.

Mor. Should I not chide you, that you chose to stay
In gloomy Shades, and lost a glorious Day ?
Lost the first Fruits of Joy you should possess
In my Return, and made my Triumph less ?

Mel. Should I not chide, that you could stay and see
Those Joys, preferring publick Pomp to me ?
Through my dark Cell your Shouts of Triumph rung :
I heard with Pleasure ; but I thought 'em long.

Mor. The Publick will in Triumphs rudely share,
And Kings the Rudeness of their Joys must bear :
But I made haste to set my Captive free ;
And thought that Work was only worthy me :
The Fame of antient Matrons you pursue ;
And stand a blameless Pattern to the New.
I have not Words to praise such Acts as these :
But take my Heart, and mold it as you please.

Mel. A Trial of your Kindness I must make,
Though not for mine so much as Virtue's sake :
The Queen of *Cassimeer*——

Mor. ——— No more, my Love;
That only Suit I beg you not to move.
That she's in Bonds for *Aureng-Zebe* I know,
And should, by my Consent, continue so:
The good old Man, I fear, will Pity show.
My Father dotes, and let him still dote on;
He buys his Mistress dearly with his Throne.

Mel. See her; and then be cruel if you can.

Mor. 'Tis not with me as with a private Man:
Such may be sway'd by Honour, or by Love;
But Monarchs only by their Int'rest move.

Mel. Heav'n does a Tribute for your Pow'r demand;
He leaves th' Opprest and Poor upon your Hand.
And those who Stewards of his Pity prove,
He blesses, in return, with publick Love.
In his Distress, some Miracle is shown:
If exil'd, Heav'n restores him to his Throne.
He needs no Guard while any Subject's near:
Nor, like his Tyrant-Neighbours, lives in Fear:
No Plots th' Alarm to his Retirements give;
'Tis all Mankind's Concern that he should live.

Mor. You promis'd Friendship in your low Estate;
And should forget it in your better Fate,
Such Maxims are more plausible than true;
But somewhat must be given to Love and you?
I'll view this Captive Queen; to let her see,
Pray'rs and Complaints are lost on such as me.

Mel. I'll bear the News: Heav'n knows how much I'm
That, by my Care, th' afflicted may be eas'd. [pleas'd,

As she is going off, enter Indamora.

Ind. I'll spare your Pains, and venture out alone,
Since you, fair Princess, my Protection own,
But you, brave Prince, a harder Task must find;

[*To Morat kneeling, who takes her up.*

In saving me, you would but half be kind:
An humble Suppliant at your Feet I lie;
You have condemn'd my better Part to die.
Without my *Aureng-Zebe* I cannot live;
Revoke his Doom, or else my Sentence give.

Mel.

Mel. If *Melesinda* in your Love have part,
Which, to suspect, would break my tender Heart:
If Love, like mine, may for a Lover plead,
By the chaste Pleasures of our Nuptial Bed,
By all the Int'rest my past Suff'rings make,
And all I yet would suffer for your sake;
By you your self, the last and dearest Tie —

Mor. You move in vain; for *Aureng-Zebe* must die.

Ind. Could that Decree from our Brother come?
Nature her self is sentenc'd in your Doom.
Piety is no more, she sees her Place
Usurp'd by Monsters, and a savage Race.
From her soft Eastern Climes you drive her forth,
To the cold Mansions of the utmost North.
How can our Prophet suffer you to Reign,
When he looks down, and sees your Brother slain?
Avenging Furies will your Life pursue:
Think there's a Heav'n, *Morat*, though not for you.

Mel. Her words imprint a Terror on my Mind.
What if this Death, which is for him design'd,
Had been your Doom, (far be that Augury!)
And you, not *Aureng-Zebe*, condemn'd to die?
Weigh well the various turns of human Fate,
And seek, by Mercy, to secure your State.

Ind. Had Heav'n the Crown for *Aureng-Zebe* design'd,
Pity, for you, had pierc'd his generous Mind.
Pity does with a noble Nature suit:
A Brother's Life had suffer'd no dispute.
All things have right in Life, our Prophet's Care
Commands the Beings ev'n of Brutes to spare.
Though Int'rest his Restraint has justify'd,
Can Life, and to a Brother, be deny'd?

Mor. All Reasons for his Safety urg'd, are weak:
And yet, methinks, 'tis Heav'n to hear you speak.

Mel. 'Tis part of your own Being to invade —

Mor. Nay, if she fail to move, would you persuade?

[Turning to *Inda*.

My Brother does a glorious Fate pursue.
I envy him, that he must fall for you.
He had been Base, had he releas'd his Right:
For such an Empire none but Kings should fight.

If with a Father he disputes this Prize,
My Wonder ceases when I see these Eyes.

Mel. And can you then deny those Eyes you praise?
Can Beauty Wonder, and not Pity raise?

Mor. Your Intercession now is needless grown:
Retire, and let me speak with her alone.

[*Melesinda retires, weeping, to the side of the Theatre.*
Queen, that you may not fruitless Tears employ,

[*Taking Indamora's Hand.*
I bring you News to fill your Heart with Joy:
Your Lover King of all the East shall reign:
For *Aureng-Zebe* to Morrow shall be slain.

Ind. The Hopes you rais'd, you've blasted with a
Breath: [Starting back,

With Triumphs you began, but end with Death.
Did you not say, my Lover should be King?

Mor. I, in *Morat*, the best of Lovers bring.
For one forsaken both of Earth and Heav'n,
Your kinder Stars a nobler Choice have given:
My Father, while I please, a King appears;
His Pow'r is more declining than his Years.
An Emperor and Lover, but in show:
But you, in me, have Youth and Fortune too.
As Heav'n did to your Eyes, and Form Divine,
Submit the Fate of all th'Imperial Line;
So was it order'd by its wise Decree,
That you should find 'em all compris'd in me.

Ind. If, Sir, I seem not discompos'd with Rage,
Feed not your Fancy with a false Presage.
Father to press your Courtship is but vain:
A cold Refusal carries more Disdain.
Unsettled Virtue stormy may appear;
Honour, like mine, serenely is severe.
To scorn your Person, and reject your Crown,
Disorder not my Face into a Frown. [Turns from him]

Mor. Your Fortune you should rev'rently have us'd:
Such Offers are not twice to be refus'd.
I go to *Aureng-Zebe*, and am in haste.

For your Commands, they're like to be the last.

Ind. Tell him.

With

With my own Death I would his Life redeem;
But less than Honour, both our Lives esteem.

Mor. Have you no more?

Ind. ——— What shall I do or say? [*Aside.*]

He must not in this Fury go away.
Tell him I did in vain his Brother move;
And yet he falsely said he was in Love,
Falsly; for had he truly lov'd, at least,
He would have giv'n one Day to my Request.

Mor. A little yielding may my Love advance:
She darted from her Eyes a sidelong Glance,
Just as she spoke; and, like her Words, it flew:
Seem'd not to beg, what yet she bid me do.
A Brother, Madam, cannot give a Day; [*To her.*]
A Servant, and who hopes to Merit, may.

Mel. If, Sir ——— [*Coming to him.*]

Mor. No more — set Speeches, and a formal Tale,
With none but Statesmen and grave Fools prevail.
Dry up your Tears, and practise every Grace,
That fits the Pageant of your Royal Place. [*Exit.*]

Mel. Madam, the strange Reverse of Fate you see:
[*To Indamora.*]

I pity'd you, now you may pity me. [*Exit after him.*]

Ind. Poor Princess! thy hard Fate I could bemoan,
Had I not nearer Sorrows of my own.
Beauty is seldom Fortunate, when great:
A vast Estate, but overcharg'd with Debt.
Like those whom Want to Baseness does betray:
I'm forc'd to flatter him I cannot pay.
O would he be content to seize the Throne:
I beg the Life of *Aureng-Zebe* alone.
Whom Heav'n would bless, from Pomp it will remove,
And make their Wealth in Privacy and Love. [*Exit.*]





ACT IV. SCENE I.

Aureng-Zebe *solus.*

Distrust, and Darkness, of a future State,
Make poor Mankind so fearful of their Fate.
Death, in it self, is nothing; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where.
[Soft Musick.]

This is the Ceremony of my Fate:
A parting Treat; and I'm to die in State.
They lodge me, as I were the *Persian* King:
And with luxurious Pomp my Death they bring.
To him, Nourmahal.

Nour. I thought, before you drew your latest Breath,
To smoothe your Passage, and to soften Death;
For I would have you, when you upward move,
Speak kindly of me, to our Friends above:
Nor name me there th' Occasion of your Fate;
Or what my Interest does, impute to Hate.

Aur. I ask not for what End your Pomp's design'd;
Whether t'insult, or to compose my Mind:
I mark'd it not;
But, knowing Death would soon th' Assault begin,
Stood firm collected in my Strength within:
To guard that Breach did all my Forces guide,
And left unmann'd the quiet Senses side.

Nour. Because *Morat* from me his Being took,
All I can say will much suspected look:
'Tis little to confess your Fate I grieve;
Yet more than you would easily believe.

Aur. Since my inevitable Death you know,
You safely unavailing Pity show:
'Tis Popular to mourn a dying Foe.

Nour. You made my Liberty your late Request:
Is no Return due from a grateful Breast?

I grow impatient, 'till I find some way
Great Offices, with greater, to repay.

Aur. When I consider Life, 'tis all a Cheat;
Yet, fool'd with hope, Men favour the Deceit;
'Trust on, and think to Morrow will repay:
To Morrow's falser than the former Day;
Eyes worse; and while it says, We shall be blest
With some new Joys, cuts off what we possess.
Strange cozenage! none would live past Years again,
Yet all hope Pleasure in what yet remain;
And, from the Dregs of Life, think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.
I'm tir'd with waiting for this Chimick Gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

Nour. 'Tis not for nothing that we Life pursue;
It pays our Hopes with something still that's new:
Each Day's a Mistress, unenjoy'd before;
Like Travellers, we're pleas'd with seeing more,
Did you but know what Joys your way attend,
You would not hurry to your Journey's end.

Aur. I need not haste the end of Life to meet;
The Precipice is just beneath my Feet.

Nour. Think not my Sense of Virtue is so small:
I'll rather leap down first, and break your Fall.
My *Aureng-Zebe* (may I not call you so?)

[Taking him by the Hand.]

Behold me now no longer for your Foe;
I am not, cannot be your Enemy:
Look, is there any Malice in my Eye?

Pray sit ——— [Both sit]
That distance shews too much Respect, or Fear.
You'll find no Danger in approaching near.

Aur. Forgive th' Amazement of my doubtful State;
This Kindness from the Mother of *Morat*!
Or is't some Angel, pitying what I bore,
Who takes that Shape, to make my Wonder more?

Nour. Think me your better *Genius* in Disguise;
Or any thing that more may charm your Eyes.
Your Guardian Angel never could excel
In care, nor could he love his Charge so well.

Aur. Whence can proceed so wonderful a Change?

Nour. Can Kindness to Desert, like yours, be strange?
Kindness by secret Sympathy is ty'd;
For noble Souls in Nature are ally'd.

I saw with what a Brow you brav'd your Fate;
Yet with what Mildness bore your Father's Hate.
My Virtue, like a String wound up by Art, [part;
To the same Sound, when yours was touch'd, took }
At distance shook, and trembled at my Heart.

Aur. I'll not complain my Father is unkind,
Since so much Pity from a Foe I find.
Just Heav'n reward this Act.

Nour. 'Tis well the Debt no Payment does demand;
You turn me over to another Hand.
But happy, happy she,

And with the Bless'd above to be compar'd,
Whom you your self would, with your self, reward:
The greatest, nay, the fairest of her Kind,
Would envy her that Bliss which you design'd.

Aur. Great Princes thus, when Favourites they raise,
To justify their Grace, their Creatures praise.

Nour. As Love the noblest Passion we account,
So to the highest Object it should mount.
It shows you brave when mean Desires you shun;
An Eagle only can behold the Sun:
And so must you; if yet, Presage Divine
There be in Dreams, or was't a Vision mine?

Aur. Of me?

Nour. — And who could else employ my Thought?
I dream'd, your Love was by Love's Goddess fought;
Officious Cupids, hov'ring o'er your Head,
Held Myrtle Wreaths; Beneath your Feet were spread
What Sweets so'er Sabeen Springs disclose,
Our Indian Jasmine, or the Syrian Rose:
The wanton Ministers around you strove
For Service, and inspir'd their Mother's Love:
Close by your Side, and languishing, she lies,
With blushing Cheeks, short Breath, and wishing Eyes;
Upon your Breast supinely lay her Head,
While, on your Face, her famish'd sight she fed.

Then,

Then, with a Sigh, into these Words she broke,
 (And gather'd humid Kisses as she spoke.)
 Dull, and ingrateful! must I offer Love?
 Desir'd of Gods, and envy'd ev'n by Jove:
 And dost thou Ignorance or Fear pretend?
 Mean Soul! and dar'st not gloriously offend?
 Then, pressing thus his Hand——

Aur. —— I'll hear no more. [Rising up]

'Twas impious to have understood before;
 And I, 'till now, endeavour'd to mistake
 Th' incestuous Meaning, which too plain you make.

Nour. And why this Niceness to that Pleasure shown,
 Where Nature sums up all her Joys in one;
 Gives all she can, and labouring still to give,
 Makes it so great, we can but taste and live:
 So fills the Senses, that the Soul seems fled,
 And Thought it self does, for the time, lie dead;
 Till, like a String scrud up with eager haste,
 It breaks, and is too exquisite to last? [hear?]

Aur. Heav'ns! can you this, without just Vengeance
 When will you thunder, if it now be clear?
 Yet her alone let not your Thunder seize:
 I, too, deserve to die, because I please.

Nour. Custom our Native Royalty does awe;
 Promiscuous Love is Nature's general Law:
 For whosoever the first Lovers were,
 Brother and Sister made the second Pair,
 And doubled, by their Love, their Piety.

Aur. Hence, hence, and to some barbarous Climate fly,
 Which only Brutes in human Form does yield,
 And Man grows wild in Nature's common Field,
 Who eat their Parents, Piety pretend;
 Yet there no Sons their sacred Bed ascend.
 To veil great Sins, a greater Crime you choose;
 And, in your Incest, your Adult'ry lose.

Nour. In vain this haughty Fury you have shown;
 How I adore a Soul so like my own!
 You must be mine, that you may learn to live:
 Know Joys, which only she who loves can give.

Nor

Nor think that Action you upbraid, so ill :
 I am not chang'd ; I love my Husband still ;
 But love him as he was, when youthful Grace,
 And the first Down began to shade his Face :
 That Image does my Virgin-flames renew,
 And all your Father shines more bright in you.

Aur. In me a Horror of my self you raise ;
 Curs'd by your Love, and blasted by your Praise :
 You find new ways to prosecute my Fate ;
 And your least-guilty Passion was your Hate.

Nour. I beg my Death, if you can Love deny.

[Offering him a Dagger.]

Aur. I'll grant you nothing ; no, not ev'n to die.

Nour. Know then, you are not half so kind as I.

[Stamps with her Foot.]

Enter Mutes, some with Swords drawn, one with a Cup.

You've chosen, and may now repent too late :

Behold th' effect of what you wish'd, my Hate.

[Taking the Cup to present him.]

This Cup, a Cure for both our ills has brought :

You need not fear a Philter in the Draught.

Aur. All must be Poison which can come from thee ;

[Receiving it from her.]

But this the least. T' immortal Liberty

This first I pour——like dying Socrates ;

[Spilling a little of it.]

Grim though he be, Death pleases when he frees.

As he is going to drink, enter Morat attended.

Mor. Make not such haste, you must my leisure stay :
 Your Fate's deferr'd, you shall not die to Day.

[Taking the Cup from him.]

Nour. What foolish Pity has possess'd your Mind,
 To alter what your Prudence once design'd ?

Mor. What if I please to lengthen out his date
 A Day, and take a Pride to cozen Fate ?

Nour. Twill not be safe to let him live an Hour.

Mor. I'll do't, to show my arbitrary Pow'r.

Nour. Fortune may take him from your Hands again,
 And you repent th' occasion lost in vain.

Mor,

Mor. I smile at what your female Fear foresees:
I'm in Fate's Place, and dictate her Decrees.
Let *Arimant* be call'd. [*Exit one of his Attendants.*]

Aur. Give me the Poison, and I'll end your Strife:
I hate to keep a poor precarious Life.
Would I my Safety on base Terms receive,
Know, Sir, I could have liv'd without your leave.
But those I could accuse, I can forgive:
By my disdainful Silence, let 'em live.

Nour. What am I, that you dare to bind my Hand?
[*To Morat,*

So low, I've not a Murder at command!
Can you not one poor Life to her afford,
Her who gave up whole Nations to your Sword?
And from th' Abundance of whose Soul and Heat,
Th' o'erflowing serv'd to make your Mind so great.

Mor. What did that Greatness in a Woman's Mind?
Ill lodg'd, and weak to act what it design'd.
Pleasure's your Portion, and your slothful Ease:
When Man's at leisure, study how to please.
Softens his angry Hours with servile Care,
And when he calls, the ready Feast prepare.
From Wars, and from Affairs of State abstain:
Women emasculate a Monarch's Reign;
And murmuring Crouds, who see 'em shine with Gold,
That pomp, as their own ravish'd Spoils behold.

Nour. Rage choaks my Words: 'Tis Womanly to
weep: [*Aside.*]

In my swell'd Breast my close Revenge I'll keep;
I'll watch his tender'st Part, and there strike deep. [*Ex.*]

Aur. Your strange Proceeding does my Wonder move;
Yet seems not to express a Brother's Love.

Say to what Cause my rescu'd Life I owe. [*know.*]

Mor. If what you ask would please, you should not
But since that Knowledge, more than Death, will grieve,
Know *Indamora* gain'd you this Reprieve. [*Change?*]

Aur. And whence had she the Pow'r to work your

Mor. The Pow'r of Beauty is not new or strange.
Should she command me more, I could obey;
But her Request was bounded with a Day.

Take

Take that; and, if you'll spare my farther Crime,
Be kind, and grieve to Death against your Time.

Enter Arimant.

Remove this Pris'ner to some safer Place:
He has, for *Indamora's* sake, found Grace:
And from my Mother's Rage must guarded be,
Till you receive a new Command from me.

Arim. Thus Love, and Fortune, persecute me still,
And make me Slave to every Rival's Will. [*Asides*

Aur. How I disdain a Life, which I must buy
With your Contempt, and her Inconstancy!
For a few Hours, my whole Content I pay:
You shall not force on me another Day.

[*Exit with Arimant.*

Enter Melesinda.

Mel. I have been seeking you this Hour's long space,
And fear'd to find you in another Place;
But, since you're here, my Jealousy grows less:
You will be kind to my Unworthiness.
What shall I say? I love to that degree,
Each Glance another way is robb'd from me.
Absence, and Prisons, I could bear again;
But sink, and die, beneath your least Disdain.

Mor. Why do you give your Mind this needless Care,
And for your self, and me, new Pains prepare?
I ne'er approv'd this Passion in Excess:
If you would show your Love distrust me less.
I hate to be pursu'd from Place to Place:
Meet, at each turn, a stale domestick Face.
Th' approach of Jealousy, Love cannot bear,
He's wild, and soon on wing, if watchful Eyes come near.

Mel. From your lov'd Presence how can I depart?
My Eyes pursue the Object of my Heart.

Mor. You talk as if it were our Bridal Night:
Fondness is still the Effect of new Delight;
And Marriage but the Pleasure of a Day.
The Metal's base, the Gilding worn away.

Mel. I fear I'm guilty of some great Offence,
And that has bred this cold Indifference.

Mor.

Mor. The greatest in the World to Flesh and Blood;
You fondly love much longer than you should.

Mel. If that be all which makes your Discontent,
Of such a Crime I never can repent.

Mor. Would you force Love upon me, which I shun?
And bring course Fare, when Appetite is gone?

Mel. Why did I not, in Prison, die before
My fatal Freedom made me suffer more?
I had been pleas'd to think I dy'd for you,
And doubly pleas'd, because you then were true;
Then I had Hope; but now, alas, have none.

Mor. You say you love me; Let that love be shown!
'Tis in your Power to make my Happiness.

Mel. Speak quickly: To command me is to bless.

Mor. To *Indamora* you my Suit must move:
You'll sure speak kindly of the Man you love.

Mel. Oh! rather let me perish by your Hand,
Than break my Heart, by this unkind Command:
Think 'tis the only one I could deny;
And that 'tis harder to refuse than die.

Try, if you please, my Rival's Heart to win:
I'll bear the Pain, but not promote the Sin.
You own what'er Perfections Man can boast,
And if she view you with my Eyes she's lost.

Mor. Here I renounce all Love, all Nuptial Ties:
Henceforward live a Stranger to my Eyes:
When I appear, see you avoid the Place,
And haunt me not with that unlucky Fate.

Mel. Hard, as it is, I this Command obey,
And haste, while I have Life, to go away:
In pity stay some Hours till I am dead,
That blameless you may court my Rival's Bed.
My hated Face I'll not presume to show;
Yet I may watch your Steps where-e'er you go.
Unseen, I'll gaze; and with my latest Breath,
Bless while I die, the Author of my Death. [*Weeping.*]

Enter Emperor.

Emp. When your Triumphant Fortune high appears,
What Cause can draw these unbecoming Tears?

Let

Let Chearfulness on happy Fortune wait,
And give not thus the Counter-time to Fate.

Mel. Fortune long frown'd, and has but lately smil'd:
I doubt a Foe so newly reconcil'd.

You saw but Sorrow in its waning Form,
A working Sea remaining from a Storm;
When the now weary Waves roul o'er the Deep,
And faintly murmur ere they fall asleep.

Emp. Your inward Griefs you smother in your Mind;
But Fame's loud Voice proclaims your Lord unkind.

Mor. Let Fame be busy where she has to do:
Tell of fought Fields, and every pompous Show.
Those Tales are fit to fill the Peoples Ears;
Monarchs, unquestion'd, move in higher Spheres.

Mel. Believe not Rumor, but your self; and see
The Kindness 'twixt my plighted Lord and me.

[Kissing Morat.

This is our State; thus happily we live;
These are the Quarrels which we take and give.
I had no other way to force a Kiss. [*Aside to Morat.*
Forgive my last Farewel to you, and Bliss. [*Exit.*

Emp. Your haughty Carriage shows too much of Scorn,
And Love, like hers, deserves not that Return.

Mor. You'll please to leave me judge of what I do;
And not examine by the outward show,
Your Usage of my Mother might be good:
I judg'd it not.

Emp. ——— Nor was it fit you should.

Mor. Then, in as equal Balance weigh my Deeds;

Emp. My Right, and my Authority, exceeds.
Suppose (what I'll not grant) Injustice done;
Is judging me the Duty of a Son?

Mor. Not of a Son, but of an Emperor:
You cancell'd Duty when you gave me Pow'r.
If your own Actions on your Will you ground,
Mine shall hereafter know no other Bound.
What meant you when you call'd me to a Throne?
Was it to please me with a Name alone?

Emp. 'Twas that I thought your Gratitude would know
What to my partial Kindness you did owe:

That

That what your Birth did to your Claim deny,
Your Merit of Obedience might supply. [propose;

Mer. To your own Thoughts such Hopes you might
But I took Empire not on Terms like those.

Of Business you complain'd; now take your Ease:
Enjoy whate'er decrepid Age can please:

Eat, Sleep, and tell long Tales of what you were
In Flow'r of Youth, if any one will hear. [prise;

Emp. Pow'r, like new Wine, does your weak Brain sur-
And its mad Fumes, in hot Discourses, rise;

But time these giddy Vapours will remove;
Mean while I'll taste the sober Joys of Love.

Mor. You cannot Love, nor Pleasures take, or give;
But Life begin, when 'tis too late to live.

On a tir'd Courser you pursue Delight,
Let slip your Morning, and set out at Night.

If you have liv'd, take thankfully the past:

Make, as you can, the sweet Remembrance last;

If you have not enjoy'd what Youth could give,

But life sunk through you like a leaky Sieve,

Accuse your self you liv'd not while you might;

But, in the Captive Queen resign your Right.

I've now resolv'd to fill your useless Place;

I'll take that Post to cover your Disgrace,

And love her, for the Honour of my Race.

Emp. Thou dost but try how far I can forbear,
Nor art that Monster which thou wouldst appear:

But do not wantonly my passion move;

I pardon nothing that relates to Love.

My Fury does, like jealous Forts, pursue

With Death, ev'n Strangers who but come to view:

Mor. I did not only view, but will invade:

Could you shed Venom from your reverend Shade,

Like Trees, beneath whose Arms 'tis Death to sleep;

Did rousing Thunder your fenc'd Fortrefs keep,

Thence would I snatch my *Semele*, like *Jove*,

And 'midst the dreadful Rack enjoy my Love.

Emp. Have I for this, ungrateful as thou art,

When Right, when Nature struggl'd in my Heart;

When

When Heav'n call'd on me for thy Brother's Claim,
Broke all, and fully'd my unspotted Fame?

Wert thou to Empire, by my Baseness brought,
And would'st thou ravish what so dear I bought?

Dear! for my Conscience and its Peace I gave:

Why was my Reason made my Passion's Slave?

I see Heav'n's Justice; thus the Pow'r's Divine
Pay Crimes with Crimes, and punish mine by thine.

Mor. Crimes let them pay, and punish as they please:
What Pow'r makes mine, by Pow'r I meant to seize.

Since 'tis to that they their own Greatness owe
Above, why should they question mine below? *[Exit.]*

Emp. Prudence, thou vainly in your Youth art sought,
And with Age purchas'd art too dearly bought:

We're past the use of Wit, for which we Toil;

Late Fruit, and planted in too cold a Soil.

My Stock of Fame is lavish'd and decay'd,

No Profit of the vast Profusion made.

Too late my Folly I repent; I know

My *Aureng-Zebe* would ne'er have us'd me so.

But, by this Ruin I prepar'd my own;

And, like a naked Tree, my Shelter gone,

To Winds and Winter-storms must stand expos'd
alone. *[Exit.]*

Enter Aureng-Zebe and Arimant.

Arim. Give me not Thanks, which I will ne'er deserve;

But know, 'tis for a nobler Price I serve.

By *Indamora's* Will you're hither brought:

All my Reward, in her Command I fought.

The rest your Letter tells you. — See, like Light,

She comes; and I must vanish, like the Night. *[Exit.]*

Enter Indamora.

Ind. 'Tis now that I begin to live again:

Heav'n's, I forgive you all my Fear and Pain:

Since I behold my *Aureng-Zebe* appear,

I could not buy him at a Price too dear.

His Name alone afforded me Relief,

Repeated as a Charm to cure my Grief:

I that lov'd Name did, as some God, invoke,

And printed Kisses on it while I spoke.

Aur.

Aur. Short Ease; but long, long Pains from you I
Health, to my Eyes; but Poison, to my Mind. [find:
Why are you made so excellently fair?

So much above what other Beauties are,
That, ev'n in cursing, you new form my Breath;
And make me bless those Eyes which give me Death?

Ind. What Reason for your Curses can you find?
My Eyes your Conquest, not your Death, design'd.
If they offend, 'tis that they are too kind.

Aur. The Ruins they have wrought, you will not
Too kind they are, indeed, but not to me, [see:

Ind. Think you base Interest Souls, like mine, can
Or that, for Greatness, I can love betray? [sway?
No, *Aureng-Zebe*, you merit all my Heart,
And I'm too Noble but to give a Part.

Your Father, and an Empire! am I known
No more? Or have so weak a Judgment shown,
In choosing you, to change you for a Throne?

Aur. How, with a Truth, you would a Falshood blind!
'Tis not my Father's Love you have design'd;
Your Choice is fix'd where Youth and Pow'r are join'd.

Ind. Where Youth and Pow'r are join'd! has he a
Name?

Aur. You would be told; you glory in your Shame:
There's Musick in the Sound; and, to provoke
Your Pleasure more, by me it must be spoke.
Then, then it ravishes, when your pleas'd Ear
The Sound does from a wretched Rival hear:
Morat's the Name your Heart leaps up to meet,
While *Aureng-Zebe* lies dying at your Feet.

Ind. Who told you this?

Aur. ——— Are you so lost to Shame?

Morat, Morat, Morat: You love the Name
So well, your ev'ry Question ends in that;
You force me still to answer you, *Morat*.

Morat, who best could tell what you reveal'd;
Morat, too proud to keep his Joy conceal'd.

Ind. Howe'er unjust your Jealousy appear,
It shows the Loss, of what you love, you fear;

And

And does my Pity, not my Anger move:
 I'll fond it, as the froward Child of Love.
 To show the Truth of my unalter'd Breast,
 Know that your Life was given at my Request:
 At least Repriev'd. When Heav'n deny'd you Aid,
 She brought it; she, whose Falshood you upbraid.

Aur. And 'tis by that you would your Falshood hide;
 Had you not ask'd, how happy had I dy'd!
 Accurst Reprieve! not to prolong my Breath,
 It brought a ling'ring and more painful Death.
 I have not liv'd since first I heard the News;
 The Gift the guilty Giver does accuse.

You knew the Price, and the Request did move,
 That you might pay the Ransom with your Love.

Ind. Your Accusation must, I see, take place;
 And am I guilty, infamous and base!

Aur. If you are false, those Epithets are small;
 You're then the Things, the Abstract of 'em all.
 And you are false: You promis'd him your Love.
 No other Price a Heart so hard could move.
 Do not I know him! Could his brutal Mind
 Be wrought upon? Could he be just, or kind?
 Insultingly, he made your Love his Boast;
 Gave me my Life, and told me what it cost.
 Speak; answer. I would fain yet think you true:
 Lye; and I'll not believe my self, but you.
 Tell me you Love; I'll pardon the Deceit,
 And, to be fool'd, my self assist the Cheat.

Ind. No; 'tis too late: I have no more to say.
 If you'll believe I have been false, you may.

Aur. I would not; but your Crimes too plain appear:
 Nay, even that I should think you true, you fear.
 Did I not tell you, I would be deceiv'd?

Ind. I'm not concern'd to have my Truth believ'd.
 You would be cozen'd! would assist the Cheat!
 But I'm too plain to join in the Deceit:
 I'm pleas'd you think me false——
 And, whatsoever my Letter did pretend,
 I made this Meeting for no other end.

Aur.

Ans. Kill me not quite, with this Indifference:
 When you are Guiltless, boast not an Offence.
 I know you better than your self you know:
 Your Heart was true, but did some Frailty show:
 You promis'd him your Love, that I might live;
 But promis'd what you never meant to give.
 Speak, was't not so? confess; I can forgive.

Ind. Forgive! what dull Excuses you prepare!
 As if your Thoughts of me were worth my Care.

Aur. Ah Traitors! Ah ingrate! Ah faithless Mind!
 Ah Sex, invented first to damn Mankind!
 Nature took care to dress you up for Sin:
 Adorn'd without; unfinish'd left, within.
 Hence, by no Judgment you your Loves direct;
 Talk much, ne'er think, and still the Wrong affect.
 So much Self-love in your Composure's mix'd,
 That Love to others still remains unfix'd:
 Greatness, and Noise, and Show, are your Delight;
 Yet wise Men love you, in their own despight:
 And, finding in their native Wit no Ease,
 Are forc'd to put your Folly on, to please.

Ind. Now you shall know what Cause you have to Rage?
 But to increase your Fury, not assuage:
 I found the Way your Brother's Heart to move,
 Yet promis'd not the least Return of Love.
 His Pride and brutal Fierceness I abhor;
 But scorn your mean Suspicions of me more.
 I ow'd my Honour and my Fame this Care:
 Know what your Folly lost you, and despair.

[Turning from him.]

Aur. Too cruelly your Innocence you tell;
 Show Heav'n, and damn me to the Pit of Hell.
 Now I believe you; 'tis not yet too late:
 You may forgive, and put a Stop to Fate:
 Save me, just sinking, and no more to rise. [She frowns.]
 How can you look with such relentless Eyes?
 Or let your Mind by Penitence be mov'd,
 Or I'm resolv'd to think you never lov'd.
 You are not clear'd, unless you Mercy speak:
 I'll think you took the Occasion thus to break.

Ind. Small Jealousies, 'tis true, inflame Desire;
 Too great, not fan, but quite blow out the Fire:
 Yet I did love you, till such Pains I bore,
 That I dare trust my self and you no more.
 Let me not love you; but here end my Pain:
 Distrust may make me wretched once again:
 Now, with full Sails, into the Port I move,
 And safely can unlade my Breast of Love;
 Quiet, and calm: Why should I then go back,
 To tempt the second Hazard of a Wrack?

Aur. Behold these dying Eyes, see their submissive Awe;
 These Tears, which Fear of Death could never draw:
 Heard you that Sigh? from my heav'd Heart it past,
 And said, If you forgive not, 'tis my last.
 Love mounts, and rows about my stormy Mind,
 Like Fire, that's born by a tempestuous Wind.
 Oh, I could stifle you, with eager Haste!
 Devour your Kisses with my hungry Taste!
 Rush on you! eat you! wander o'er each Part,
 Raving with Pleasure, snatch you to my Heart!
 Then hold you off, and gaze! then, with new Rage,
 Invade you, till my conscious Limbs presage
 Torrents of Joy, which all their Banks o'erflow!
 So lost, so blest, as I but then could know!

Ind. Be no more jealous. [*Giving him her Hand.*

Aur. — Give me Cause no more:

The Danger's greater after, than before,
 If I relapse; to cure my Jealousy
 Let me (for that's the easiest parting) die.

Ind. My Life!

Aur. — My Soul!

Ind. — My All that Heav'n can give!
 Death's Life with you; without you, Death to live.

To them, Arimant, hastily.

Arim. Oh, we are lost, beyond all human Aid?
 The Citadel is to *Morat* betray'd.
 The Traitor, and the Treason, known too late;
 The false *Abas* deliver'd up the Gate,
 Ev'n, while I speak, we're compass'd round with Fate.

The

The Valiant cannot fight, or Coward fly;
But both in undistinguish'd Crouds must die.

Aur. Then my Prophetick Fears are come to pass:
Morat was always bloody; now, he's base:
And has so far in Usurpation gone,
He will by Paricide secure the Throne.

To them, the Emperor.

Emp. Am I forsaken, and betray'd, by all?
Not one brave Man dare, with a Monarch, fall?
Then, welcome Death, to cover my Disgrace;
I would not live to reign o'er such a Race.

My *Aureng-Zebe*!

[*Seeing Aureng-Zebe*]

But thou no more art mine; my Cruelty
Has quite destroy'd the Right I had in thee.
I have been base,

Base ev'n to him from whom I did receive
All that a Son could to a Parent give:
Behold me punish'd in the self-same kind,
Th' ungrateful does a more Ungrateful find.

Aur. Accuse your self no more; you could not be
Ungrateful: Could commit no Crime to me:
I only mourn my yet uncancell'd Score:
You put me past the Pow'r of Paying more:
That, that's my Grief, that I can only grieve,
And bring but Pity, where I would relieve;
For had I yet ten thousand Lives to pay,
The mighty Sum should go no other way.

Emp. Can you forgive me? 'tis not fit you should.
Why Will you be so excellently good?
'Twill stick too black a Brand upon my Name:
The Sword is needless; I shall die with shame.
What had my Age to do with Love's Delight,
Shut out from all Enjoyments but the Sight?

Arim. Sir, you forget the Danger's imminent:
This Minute is not for Excuses lent.

Emp. Disturb me not ———
How can my latest Hour be better spent?
To reconcile my self to him is more,
Than to regain all I possess'd before.

Empire, and Life are now not worth a Pray'r:
His Love, alone, deserves my dying Care.

Aur. Fighting for you, my Death will glorious be.

Ind. Seek to preserve your self, and live for me.

Arim. Lose then no farther time.

Heav'n has inspir'd me with a sudden Thought,
Whence your unhop'd-for Safety may be wrought,
Though with the Hazard of my Blood 'tis bought.

But, since my Life can ne'er be fortunate,
'Tis so much Sorrow well redeem'd from Fate.

You, Madam, must retire;

Your Beauty is its own Security,

And leave the Conduct of the rest to me.

Glory will crown my Life, if I succeed;

If not, she may afford to love me dead. [*Aside.*]

Aur. My Father's kind; and Madam, you forgive:

Were Heav'n so pleas'd, I now could wish to live.

And I shall live.

With Glory, and with Love, at once I burn:

I feel th' inspiring Heat, and absent God return. *Exeunt.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

Indamora alone.

THE Night seems doubled with the Fear she brings,
And, o'er the Citadel, new spreads her Wings.

The Morning, as mistaken, turns about,

And all her early Fires again go out.

Shouts, Cries and Groans, first pierce my Ears, and then

A flash of Lightning draws the guilty Scene,

And shows me Arms, and Wounds, and dying Men.

Ah, should my *Aureng-Zebe* be fighting there,

And envious Winds distinguish'd to my Ear,

His dying Groans, and his last Accents bear!

To her Morat, attended.

Mor. The bloody Bus'ness of the Night is done,

And, in the Citadel, an Empire won.

Our Swords so wholly did the Fates employ,
That they, at length, grew weary to destroy :
Refus'd the Work we brought; and, out of breath,
Made Sorrow and Despair attend for Death.
But what of all my Conquest can I boast?
My haughty Pride, before your Eyes, is lost :
And Victory but gains me to present
That Homage, which our Eastern World has sent.

Ind. Your Victory, alas, begets my Fears :
Can you not then triumph without my Tears ?
Resolve me ; (for you know my Destiny
In *Aureng-Zebe's*) say, do I live, or die ?

Mor. Urg'd by my Love, by hope of Empire fir'd ;
'Tis true, I have perform'd what both requir'd :
What Fate decreed ; for when great Souls are giv'n,
They bear the Marks of Sov'reignty from Heav'n.
My elder Brothers my Forerunners came ;
Rough-draughts of Nature, ill design'd, and lame :
Blown off, like Blossoms, never made to bear ;
Till I came, finish'd ; her last labour'd Care.

Inc. This Prologue leads to your succeeding Sin :
Blood added what Ambition did begin.

Mor. 'Twas rumor'd, but by whom I cannot tell,
My Father scap'd from out the Citadel :
My Brother too may live.

Ind. ——— He may.

Mor. ——— He must :

I kill'd him not : And a less Fate's unjust.
Heav'n owes it me, that I may fill his Room ;
A Phoenix-Lover, rising from his Tomb.
In whom you'll lose your Sorrows for the Dead ;
More warm, more fierce, and fitter for your Bed.

Ind. Should I from *Aureng-Zebe* my Heart divide,
To love a Monster, and a Paricide ?
These Names your swelling Titles cannot hide.
Severe Decrees may keep our Tongues in awe,
But to our Thoughts, what Edict can give Law ?
Ev'n you your self, to your own Breast, shall tell
Your Crimes ; and your own Conscience be your Hell.

Mor. What Bus'ness has my Conscience with a Crown?
 She sinks in Pleasures, and in Bowls will drown.
 If Mirth should fail, I'll busy her with Cares;
 Silence her clamorous Voice with louder Wars:
 Trumpets and Drums shall fright her from the Throne;
 As sounding Cymbals aid the lab'ring Moon.

Ind. Repell'd by these, more eager she will grow;
 Spring back more strongly than a *Scythian* Bow:
 Amidst your Train, this unseen Judge will wait;
 Examine how you came by all your State;
 Upbraid your impious Pomp; and, in your Ear,
 Will hollow, *Rebel, Tyrant, Murderer.*
 Your ill-got Pow'r wan Looks and Care shall bring
 Known but by Discontent to be a King.
 Of Crouds afraid, yet anxious when alone;
 You'll sit and brood your Sorrows on a Throne.

Mor. Birth-right's a vulgar Road to Kingly Sway;
 'Tis ev'ry dull-got elder Brother's way.
 Dropt from above, he lights into a Throne;
 Grows of a Piece with that he sits upon,
 Heav'n's Choice, a low, inglorious, rightful Drone. }
 But who by force a Scepter does obtain,
 Shows he can govern that which he could gain.
 Right comes of course, whate'er he was before;
 Murder and Usurpation are no more.

Ind. By your own Laws you such Dominion make;
 As ev'ry stronger Pow'r has right to take:
 And Paricide will so deform your Name,
 That dispossessing you will give a Claim.
 Who next Usurps, will a just Prince appear;
 So much your Ruin will his Reign endear.

Mor. I without Guilt, would mount the Royal Seat;
 But yet 'tis necessary to be Great.

Ind. All Greatness is in Virtue understood:
 'Tis only necessary to be Good.
 Tell me, what is't at which great Spirits aim,
 What most your self desire?

Mor. ——— Renown and Fame,
 And Pow'r, as uncontroul'd as is my Will.

Ind. How you confound Desires of Good and Ill?

For

For true Renown is still with Virtue join'd;
 But Lust of Pow'r lets loose the unbridl'd Mind.
 Yours is a Soul irregularly Great,
 Which wanting Temper, yet abounds with Heat:
 So strong, yet so unequal Pulses beat.
 A Sun which does, through Vapours, dimly shine:
 What Pity 'tis you are not all Divine!
 New molded, thorough light'ned, and a Breast
 So pure, to bear the last severest Test;
 Fit to Command an Empire you should gain
 By Virtue, and without a Blush to reign.

Mor. You show me somewhat I ne'er learnt before;
 But 'tis the distant Prospect of a Shore,
 Doubtful in Mists; which, like enchanted Ground,
 Flies from my Sight, before 'tis fully found.

Ind. Dare to be Great, without a guilty Crown;
 View it, and lay the bright Temptation down:
 'Tis base to seize on all, because you may;
 That's Empire, that which I can give away:
 There's Joy when to wild Will you Laws prescribe,
 When you bid Fortune carry back her Bribe:
 A Joy, which none but greatest Minds can taste;
 A Fame, which will to endless Ages last.

Mor. Renown, and Fame, in vain, I courted long;
 And still pursu'd 'em, though directed wrong:
 In Hazard, and in Toils, I heard they lay;
 Sail'd farther than the Coast, but miss'd my Way:
 Now you have given me Virtue for my Guide;
 And, with true Honour, ballasted my Pride.
 Unjust Dominion I no more pursue;
 I quit all other Claims but those to you.

Ind. O be not just to halves! pay all you owe:
 Think there's a Debt to *Melinda* too.
 To leave no Blemish on your After-life;
 Reward the Virtue of a suff'ring Wife.

Mor. To Love, once past, I cannot backward move;
 Call Yesterday again, and I may love:
 'Twas not for nothing I the Crown resign'd;
 I still must own a Mercenary Mind:

I, in this venture, double Gains pursue,
And laid out all my Stock to purchase you.

To them, Asaph Chan.

Now, what Success? does *Aureng-Zebe* yet live?

Asaph. Fortune has giv'n you all that she can give.
Your Brother——

Mor. —— Hold; thou shew'st an impious Joy,
And think'st I still take Pleasure to destroy:
Know, I am chang'd, and would not have him slain.

Asaph. 'Tis past; and you desire his Life in vain:
He, prodigal of Soul, rush'd on the Stroke
Of lifted Weapons, and did Wounds provoke:
In scorn of Night, he would not be conceal'd;
His Soldiers, where he fought, his Name reveal'd:
In thickest Crouds, still *Aureng-Zebe* did sound;
The vaulted Roofs did *Aureng-Zebe* rebound,
Till late, and in his Fall, the Name was drown'd.

Ind. Wither that Hand which brought him to his Fate,
And blasted be the Tongue which did relate.

Asaph. His Body——

Mor. —— Cease to enhance her Misery:
Pity the Queen, and show Respect to me.
'Tis ev'ry Painter's Art to hide from sight,
And cast in Shades, what seen would not delight.
Your Grief, in me such Sympathy has bred, [*To her.*
I mourn; and wish I could recal the Dead.
Love softens me; and blows up Fires, which pass
Through my tough Heart, and melt the stubborn Mass.

Ind. Break, Heart; or choak, with sobs, my hated Breath;
Do thy own Work: Admit no foreign Death.
Alas! why do I make this useless Moan?
I'm dead already, for my Soul is gone.

To them, Mir Baba.

Mir. What Tongue the Terror of this Night can tell,
Within, without, and round the Citadel!
A new-form'd Faction does your Pow'r oppose;
The Fight's confus'd, and all who meet are Foes:
A second Clamour, from the Town, we hear,
And the far Noise so loud, it drowns the near.

Abas,

Abas, who seem'd our Friend, is either fled;
Or, what we fear, our Enemies does head:
Your frighted Soldiers scarce their Ground maintain.

Mor. I thank their Fury; we shall fight again:
They rouse my Rage; I'm eager to subdue:
'Tis fatal to withhold my Eyes from you.

[Exit with the two Omrahs.]

Enter Melesinda.

Mel. Can Misery no place of Safety know?
The Noise pursues me wheresoe'er I go,
As Fate sought only me, and where I fled,
Aim'd all its Darts at my devoted Head.
And let it; I am now past Care of Life;
The last of Women; an abandon'd Wife.

Ind. Whether Design or Chance has brought you
I stand oblig'd to Fortune or to Fear: [here, }
Weak Women should, in danger, herd like Deer.
But say, from whence this new Combustion springs?
Are there yet more *Morats*? more fighting Kings?

Mel. Him from his Mother's Love your Eyes divide,
And now her Arms the cruel Strife decide.

Ind. What strange Misfortunes my vext Life attend?
Death will be kind; and all my Sorrows end.
If *Nourmahal* prevail, I know my Fate.

Mel. I pity, as my own, your hard Estate;
But what can my weak Charity afford:
I have no longer Int'rest in my Lord:
Nor in his Mother, he: She owns her Hate
Aloud, and would her self usurp the State.

Ind. I'm stupify'd with Sorrow, past Relief
Of Tears: Parch'd up, and wither'd with my Grief.

Mel. Dry Mourning will Decays more deadly bring,
As a North Wind burns a too forward Spring:
Give Sorrow vent, and let the Sluices go.

Ind. My Tears are all congeal'd, and will not flow.

Mel. Have Comfort; yield not to the Blows of Fate.

Ind. Comfort, like Cordials after Death, comes late.
Name not so vain a Word; my Hopes are fled:
Think your *Morat* were kind, and think him dead.

Mel. I can no more——

Can no more Arguments, for Comfort find :
Your boding Words have quite o'erwhelm'd my Mind.

[*Clattering of Weapons within*]

Ind. The Noise increases, as the Billows roar,
When rowling from afar they threat the Shore :
She comes ; and feeble Nature now I find
Shrinks back in Danger, and forsakes my Mind :
I wish to die, yet dare not Death endure ;
Detest the Medicine, yet desire the Cure.
I would have Death ; but mild, and at command ;
I dare not trust him in another's Hand.
In *Nourmahal's* he would not mine appear ;
But arm'd with Terror, and disguis'd with Fear.

Mel. Beyond this Place you can have no Retreat ;
Stay here, and I the Danger will repeat.
I fear not Death, because my Life I hate :
And envious Death will shun th' Unfortunate.

Ind. You must not venture.

Mel. —— Let me : I may do
My self a Kindness, in obliging you.
In your lov'd Name, I'll seek my angry Lord ;
And beg your Safety from his conqu'ring Sword :
So his Protection all your Fears will ease,
And I shall see him once, and not displease. [Exit.

Ind. Oh wretched Queen ! what Pow'r thy Life can
A Stranger, and Unfriended, and a Slave ! [save ?

Enter Nourmahal, Zayda, and Abas, with Soldiers.
Alas, she's here !

[*Indamora withdraws to the inner part of the Scene.*]

Nour. Heartless they fought, and quitted soon their
While ours with easy Victory were crown'd. [Ground,
To you, *Abas*, my Life and Empire too,
And, what's yet dearer, my Revenge I owe.

Abas. The vain *Morat*, by his own Rashness wrought,
Too soon discover'd his ambitious Thought ;
Believ'd me his, because I spoke him fair,
And pitch'd his Head into the ready Snare :
Hence 'twas I did his Troops at first admit ;
But such whose Numbers could no Fears beget ;

By

By them th' Emperor's Party first I slew,
Then turn'd my Arms the Victors to subdue.

Nour. Now let the head-strong Boy my Will controul:
Virtue's no Slave of Man; no Sex confines the Soul:
I, for my self, th' Imperial Seat will gain,
And he shall wait my Leisure for his Reign.
But *Aureng-Zebe* is no where to be found:
And now perhaps in Death's cold Arms he lies;
I fought, and conquer'd, yet have lost the Prize.

Zayd. The Chance of War determin'd well the Strife;
That rack'd you, 'twixt the Lover and the Wife:
He's dead, whose Love had fully'd all your Reign,
And made you Empress of the World in vain.

Nour. No; I my Pow'r and Pleasure would divide:
The Drudge had quench'd my Flames, and then had
I rage, to think without that Bliss I live; [dyd.
That I could wish what Fortune would not give:
But, what Love cannot, Vengeance must supply;
She, who bereav'd me of his Heart, shall die.

Zayd. I'll search: Far distant hence she cannot be.

[Goes in.

Nour. This wondrous Master-piece I fain would see;
This fatal *Helen*, who can Wars inspire,
Make Kings her Slaves, and set the World on fire:
My Husband lock'd his Jewel from my View;
Or durst not set the False one by the True.

Re-enter Zayda, leading Indamora.

Zayd. Your frighted Captive, ere she dies, receive,
Her Soul's just going else, without your leave.

Nour. A fairer Creature did my Eyes ne'er see!
Sure she was form'd by Heav'n in spite to me!
Some Angel copy'd, while I slept, each Grace,
And molded every Feature from my Face:
Such Majesty does from her Forehead rise,
Her Cheeks such Blushes cast, such Rays her Eyes,
Nor I, nor Envy, can a Blemish find;
The Palace is, without, too well design'd:
Conduct me in, for I will view thy Mind. [To her. }
Speak, if thou hast a Soul, that I may see
If Heav'n can make throughout another Me.

Ind.

Ind. My Tears and Miseries must plead my Cause ;
[Kneeling.]

My Words, the Terror of your Presence awes :
Mortals, in sight of Angels, mute become ;
The nobler Nature strikes th' Inferior dumb.

Nour. The Palm is, by the Foe's Confession, mine ;
But I disdain what basely you resign :
Heav'n did, by me, the outward Model build ;
Its inward Work, the Soul, with Rubbish fill'd :
Yet, oh ! th' imperfect Piece moves more Delight ;
'Tis gilded o'er with Youth, to catch the Sight :
The Gods have poorly robb'd my Virgin Bloom,
And what I am, by what I was, o'ercome :
Traitors, restore my Beauty and my Charms,
Nor steal my Conquest with my proper Arms.

Ind. What have I done, thus to inflame your Hate ?
I am not Guilty, but Unfortunate.

Nour. Not Guilty, when thy Looks my Pow'r betray,
Seduce Mankind, my Subject, from my Sway,
Take all my Hearts, and all my Eyes away ?
My Husband first ; but that I could forgive :
He only mov'd, and talk'd, but did not live.
My *Aureng-Zebe*, for I dare own the Name,
The glorious Sin, and the more glorious Flame ;
Him, from my Beauty, have thy Eyes misled,
And starv'd the Joys of my expected Bed.

Ind. His Love so fought, he's happy that he's dead.
O had I Courage but to meet my Fate ;
That short dark Passage to a future State ;
That melancholy Riddle of a Breath.

Nour. That something, or that nothing, after Death :
Take this, and teach thy self. [Giving a Dagger:]

Ind. Alas !

Nour. ——— Why dost thou shake ?
Dishonour not the Vengeance I design'd :
A Queen, and own a base Plebeian Mind !
Let it drink deep in thy most vital Part :
Strike home, and do me reason in thy Heart.

Ind. I dare not.

Nour.

Nour. ——— Do't, while I stand by and see,
At my full Gust, without the Drudgery.
I love a Foe, who dares my Stroke prevent;
Who gives me the full Scene of my Content,
Shows me the flying Soul's Convulsive strife,
And all the Anguish of departing Life:
Disdain my Mercy, and my Rage defy;
Curse me with thy last Breath; and make me see }
A Spirit worthy to have Rival'd me.

Ind. Oh, I desire to die; but dare not yet:
Give me some respite, I'll discharge the Debt,
Without my *Aureng-Zebe* I would not live. {thy Fate,

Nour. Thine; Traitors! thine! that word has wing'd
And put me past the tedious Forms of Hate.
I'll kill thee with such Eagerness of Haste,
As Fiends, let loose, would lay all Nature waste.

[*Indamora runs back: As Nourmahal is running to her, Clashing of Swords is heard within.*

Sold. Yield, y'are o'erpower'd: Resistance is in vain.
[*Within.*

Mer. Then Death's my Choice! Submission I disdain.
[*Within.*

Nour. Retire, you Slaves: Ah whither does he run
[*At the Door.*

On pointed Swords? Disarm, but save my Son.

Enter Morat staggering, and upheld by Soldiers.

Mer. She lives! and I shall see her once again!
I have not thrown away my Life in vain.

[*Catches hold of Indamora's Gown, and falls by her: She sits.*

I can no more; yet, ev'n in Death, I find
My fainting Body bias'd by my Mind:
I fall toward you; still my contending Soul
Points to your Breast, and trembles to its Pole.

To them, Melesinda, hastily, casting her self on the other side of Morat.

Mel. Ah wo, wo, wo! the worst of Woes I find!
Live still: Oh live; live ev'n to be unkind.
With half-shut Eyes he seeks the doubtful Day;
But, Ah! he bends his Sight another way.

He

He faints! and in that Sigh his Soul is gone :
Yet Heav'n's unmov'd, yet Heav'n looks careless on.

Nour. Where are those Pow'rs which Monarchs should
Or do they vain Authority pretend [defend?
O'er human Fates, and their weak Empire show,
Which cannot guard their Images below?
If, as their Image, he was not Divine,
They ought to have respected him as mine.
I'll waken them with my Revenge; and she
Their *Indamora* shall my Victim be,
And helpless Heav'n shall mourn in vain, like me. }

[*As she is going to stab Indamora, Morat raises himself, and holds her Hand.*

Mor. Oh what are we,
Who dare maintain with Heav'n this wretched Strife;
Puff'd with the Pride of Heav'n's own Gift, frail Life;
That blast which my ambitious Spirit swell'd,
See by how weak a Tenure it was held!
I only stay to save the Innocent:
O envy not my Soul its last Content.

Ind. No, let me die; I'm doubly summon'd now;
First, by my *Aureng-Zebe*; and, since, by you.
My Soul grows hardy, and can Death endure:
Your Convoy makes the dang'rous Way secure.

Mel. Let me, at least, a Funeral Marriage crave;
Nor grudge my cold Embraces in the Grave.
I have too just a Title in thy Strife:
By me, unhappy me, he lost his Life:
I call'd him hither; 't was my fatal Breath;
And I the Screech-Owl that proclaim'd his Death.

[*Shout within.*
Abas. What new Alarms are these? I'll haste and see.

[*Exit.*
Nour. Look up, and live. An Empire shall be thine.

Mor. That I contemn'd, ev'n when I thought it mine.
Oh, I must yield to my hard Destinies, [To *Ind.*
And must for ever cease to see your Eyes.

Mel. Ah turn your Sight, my dearest Lord!
Can you not one, one parting Look afford?

Ev'n

Ev'n so unkind in Death? but 'tis in vain;
 I lose my Breath, and to the Winds complain:
 Yet 'tis as much in vain your cruel Scorn;
 Still I can love, without this last Return.
 Nor Fate, nor you, can my vow'd Faith controul;
 Dying, I'll follow your disdainful Soul:
 A Ghost, I'll haunt your Ghost; and, where you go,
 With mournful Murmurs fill the Plains below.

Mor. Be happy, *Melesinda*, cease to grieve,
 And for a more deserving Husband, live:
 Can you forgive me?

Mel. ——— Can I! Oh my Heart!
 Have I heard one kind Word before I part?
 I can, I can forgive: Is that a Task
 To love, like mine? Are you so good to ask?
 One kiss — Oh 'tis too great a Blessing this; [*Kisses him*]
 I would not live to violate the Bliss.

Re-enter Abas.

Abas. Some envious Devil has ruin'd us yet more:
 The Fort's revolted to the Emperor;
 The Gates are open'd, the Portcullis drawn;
 And deluges of Armies, from the Town,
 Come pow'ring in: I heard the mighty flaw,
 When first it broke, the crowding Ensigns saw,
 Which choak'd the Passage; and, (what least I fear'd,)
 The waving Arms of *Aureng-Zebe* appear'd,
 Display'd with your *Morat's*:
 In either's Flag the golden Serpents bear,
 Erecting Crests alike, like Volumes rear,
 And mingle friendly hissings in the Air.
 Their Troops are join'd, and our Destruction nigh.

Nour. 'Tis vain to fight, and I disdain to fly.
 I'll mock the Triumphs which our Foes intend;
 And, spite of Fortune, make a glorious End.
 In pois'nous Draughts my Liberty I'll find:
 And from the nauseous World set free my Mind. [*Ex:*
At the other end of the Stage, enter Aureng-Zebe, Dia-
net, and Attendants. Aureng-Zebe turns back, and
speaks, entering.

Aur. The Lives of all, who cease from Combat, spare;
 My Brother's be your most peculiar Care:

Our

Our impious Use no longer shall obtain;
 Brothers no more, by Brothers, shall be slain.

[*Seeing Indamora and Morat.*
 Ha! do I dream? is this my hop'd Success?

I grow a Statue, stiff, and motionless.
 Look, *Dianet*: for I dare not trust these Eyes;
 They dance in Mists, and dazzle with Surprise.

Dia. Sir, 'tis *Morat*; dying he seems, or dead:
 And *Indamora's* Hand —

Aur. ——— Supports his Head. [*Sighing.*
 Thou shalt not break yet Heart, nor shall she know
 My inward Torments, by my outward Show;
 To let her see my Weakness, were too base;
 Dissembled Quiet sit upon my Face:
 My Sorrow to my Eyes no passage find,
 But let it inward sink, and drown my Mind.
 Falshood shall want its Triumph: I begin
 To stagger; but I'll prop my self within.
 The specious Tow'r no Ruin shall disclose,
 Till down, at once, the mighty Fabrick goes.

Mor. In sign that I die yours, reward my Love, [*To Ind.*
 And Seal my Passport to the blessed above.

[*Kissing her Hand.*

Ind. Oh stay; or take me with you when you go:
 There's nothing now worth living for below.

Mor. I leave you not; for my expanded Mind
 Grows up to Heav'n, while it to you is join'd;
 Not quitting but enlarg'd! A blazing Fire,
 Fed from the Brand.

Mel. Ah me! he's gone! I die!

[*Dies.*
 [*Swoons.*

Ind. ——— O dismal Day!

Fate, thou hast ravish'd my last Hope away.

[*She turns, and sees Aureng-Zebe standing by
 her, and starts.*

O Heav'n! my *Aureng-Zebe* — What strange Surprise!
 Or does my willing Mind delude my Eyes,
 And shows the Figure always present there?
 Or liv'st thou? am I blest'd, and see thee here?

Aur. My Brother's Body see convey'd with Care,
 [Turning from her, to his Attendants.
 Where we may Royal Sepulture prepare.

With

With Speed to *Melesinda* bring Relief;
Recal her Spirits, and moderate her Grief —

[*Half turning to Indamora.*

I go, to take for ever from your View
Both the lov'd Object, and the hated too.

[*Going away after the Bodies, which are carried off.*

Ind. Hear me; yet think not that I beg your Stay:

[*Laying hold of him.*

I will be heard, and after take your Way.

Go; but your late Repentance shall be vain:

[*He struggles still: She lets him go.*

I'll never, never see your Face again. [*Turning away.*

Aur. Madam, I know what ever you can say:

You might be pleas'd not to command my Stay.

All things are yet disorder'd in the Fort;

I must crave leave your Audience may be short.

Ind. You need not fear I shall detain you long;

Yet you may tell me your pretended Wrong.

Aur. Is that the Bus'ness? then my Stay is vain.

Ind. How are you injur'd?

Aur. ——— When I did complain?

Ind. Leave off your forc'd Respect —

And show your Rage in its most furious Form:

I'm arm'd with Innocence to brave the Storm.

You heard, perhaps, your Brother's last Desire;

And after saw him in my Arms expire:

Saw me, with Tears, so great a Loss bemoan:

Heard me complaining my last Hopes were gone.

Aur. Oh stay, and take me with you when you go.

There's nothing now worth living for below.

Unhappy Sex! whose beauty is your Snare;

Expos'd to Trials; made too frail to bear.

I grow a Fool, and show my Rage again:

'Tis Nature's Fault; and why should I complain?

Ind. Will you yet hear me?

Aur. ——— Yes, till you relate

What pow'rful Motives did your Change create.

You thought me dead, and prudently did weigh

Tears were but vain, and brought but Youth's decay.

Then,

Then, in *Morat*, your Hopes a Crown design'd;
And all the Woman work'd within your Mind.
I rave again, and to my Rage return,
To be again subjected to your Scorn.

Ind. I wait till this long Storm be over-blown.

Aur. I'm conscious of my Folly: I have done.
I cannot rail; but silently I'll grieve.
How did I trust! and how did you deceive!
Oh, *Arimant*, would I had dy'd for thee!
I dearly buy thy Generosity.

Ind. Alas, is he then dead?

Aur. ——— Unknown to me,
He took my Arms, and while I forc'd my Way,
Through Troops of Foes, which did our Passage stay,
My Buckler o'er my aged Father cast,
Still fighting, still defending as I past,
The noble *Arimant* usurp'd my Name;
Fought, and took from me, while he gave me, Fame;
To *Aureng-Zebe*, he made his Soldiers cry,
And seeing not, where he heard Danger nigh,
Shot, like a Star, through the benighted Sky.
A short, but mighty Aid: At length he fell.
My own Adventures 'twere lost time to tell;
Or how my Army, entring in the Night,
Surpris'd our Foes: The dark disorder'd fight:
How my Appearance, and my Father shown,
Made Peace; and all the rightful Monarch own.
I've sum'd it briefly, since it did relate
Th'unwelcome Safety of the Man you hate.

Ind. As briefly will I clear my Innocence:
Your alter'd Brother dy'd in my Defence.
Those Tears you saw, that Tendernefs I show'd,
Were just Effects of Grief and Gratitude.
He dy'd my Convert.

Aur. ——— But your Lover too:
I heard his Words, and did your Actions view;
You seem'd to mourn another Lover dead:
My Sighs you gave him, and my Tears you shed;
But worst of all,

Yours

Your Gratitude for his Defence was shown :

It prov'd you valu'd Life when I was gone.

Ind. Not that I valu'd Life; but fear'd to die:
Think that my Weakness, not Inconstancy.

Aur. Fear show'd you doubted of your own Intent;
And she who doubts, becomes less Innocent.

Tell me not you could fear;

Fear's a large Promiser; who subject live

To that base Passion, know not what they give.

No Circumstance of Grief you did deny;

And what could she give more who durst not die?

Ind. My Love, my Faith.

Aur. — Both so adult'rate grown,

When mix'd with Fear, they never could be known.

I with no Ill might her I love besal;

But she ne'er lov'd, who durst not venture all.

Her Life and Fame should my Concernment be;

But she should only be afraid for me.

Ind. My Heart was yours; but, Oh! you left it here,

Abandon'd to those Tyrants, Hope and Fear:

If they forc'd from me one kind Look, or Word,

Could you not that, nor that small Part afford?

Aur. If you had lov'd, you nothing yours could call;
Giving the least of mine, you gave him all.

True Love's a Miser; so tenacious grown,

He weighs to the least Grain of what's his own.

More delicate than Honour's nicest Sense:

Neither to give nor take the least Offence.

With, or without you, I can have no rest:

What shall I do? you're lodg'd within my Breast;

Your Image never will be thence displac'd;

But there it lies, stabb'd, mangled, and defac'd.

Ind. Yet, to restore the Quiet of your Heart,
There's one way left.

Aur. — Oh name it.

Ind. — 'Tis to part.

Since perfect Bliss with me you cannot prove,

I scorn to bless by halves the Man I love.

Aur. Now you distract me more: Shall then the Day,

Which views my Triumph, see our Loves decay?

Must

Must I new Bars to my own Joy create?
 Refuse, my self, what I had forc'd from Fate?
 What though I am not lov'd?

Reason's nice Taste does our Delights destroy:
 Brutes are more bless'd, who grossly feed on Joy.

Ind. Such endless Jealousies your Love pursue,
 I can no more be fully bless'd than you.
 I therefore go, to free us both from Pain:
 I pris'd your Person, but your Crown disdain.
 Nay, ev'n my own ———

I give it you; for since I cannot call
 Your Heart my Subject, I'll not reign at all. *[Exit.]*

Aur. Go: Though thou leav'st me tortur'd on the Rack,
 Twixt Shame and Pride, I cannot call thee back.
 She's Guiltless, and I should submit; but Oh!
 When she exacts it, can I stoop so low?
 Yes; for she's Guiltless; — but she's Haughty too.
 Great Souls long struggle ere they own a Crime:
 She's gone; and leaves me no repenting Time.
 I'll call her now; sure, if she loves, she'll stay;
 Linger at least, or not go far away,

[Looks to the Door, and returns.]

For ever lost, and I repent too late.
 My foolish Pride, would set my whole Estate,
 Till, at one throw, I lost all back to Fate.

To him the Emperor, drawing in Indamora; Attendants.

Emp. It must not be, that he, by whom we live,
 Should no Advantage of his Gift receive.
 Should he be wholly wretched? he alone,
 In this bless'd Day, a Day so much his own? *[To Ind.]*
 I have not quitted yet a Victor's Right:
 I'll make you happy in your own despight.
 I love you still; and if I struggle hard
 To give, it shows the Worth of the Reward.

Ind. Suppose he has o'ercome; must I find Place
 Among his conquer'd Foes, and sue for Grace?
 Be pardon'd, and confess I lov'd not well?
 What though none live my Innocence to tell?
 I know it: Truth may own a gen'rous Pride:
 I clear my self, and care for none beside.

Aur.

Aur. Oh, *Indamora*, you would break my Heart!
 Could you resolve, on any terms, to part?
 I thought your Love eternal: Was it ty'd
 So loosely, that a Quarrel could divide?
 I grant that my Suspicions were unjust;
 But would you leave me for a small Distrust?
 Forgive those foolish Words—— [*Kneeling to her*]
 They were the Froth my raging Folly mov'd,
 When it boil'd up: I knew not then I lov'd;
 Yet then lov'd most.

Ind. [*To Aur.*] You would but half be blest!

[*Giving her Hand, smiling.*]

Aur. —— Oh do but try
 My eager Love: I'll give my self the lye.
 The very hope is a full Happiness;
 Yet scantily measures what I shall possess.
 Fancy it self, ev'n in Enjoyment, is
 But a dumb Judge, and cannot tell its Bliss.

Emp. Her Eyes a secret yielding do confess,
 And promise to partake your Happiness.
 May all the Joys I did my self pursue,
 Be rais'd by her, and multiply'd on you.

A Procession of Priests, Slaves following, and last Melesinda in White.

Ind. Alas! what means this Pomp?

Aur. 'Tis the Procession of a Funeral Vow,
 Which cruel Laws to *Indian* Wives allow,
 When fatally their Virtue they approve;
 Chearful in Flames, and Martyrs of their Love.

Ind. Oh my foreboding Heart! th' Event I fear;
 And see! sad *Melesinda* does appear.

Mel. You wrong my Love; what Grief do I betray?
 This is the Triumph of my Nuptial Day,
 My better Nuptials; which, in spite of Fate,
 For ever join me to my dear *Morat*.
 Now I am pleas'd; my Jealousies are o'er:
 He's mine; and I can lose him now no more.

Emp. Let no false show of Fame your Reason blind.

Ind. You have no Right to die; he was not kind.

Mel.

Aur.

Mel. Had he been kind, I could no Love have shown;
 Each vulgar Virtue would as much have done.
 My Love was such, it needed no return;
 But could, though he supply'd no Fuel, burn
 Rich in it self, like Elemental Fire,
 Whose pureness does no Aliment require.
 In vain you would bereave me of my Lord;
 For I will die: Die is too base a Word,
 I'll seek his Breast, and kindling by his Side,
 Adorn'd with Flames, I'll mount a glorious Bride. [*Exit.*]

Enter Nourmahal distracted, with Zayda.

Zayd. She's lost, she's lost! but why do I complain
 For her, who generously did Life disdain!
 Poison'd, she raves ———

Th' invenom'd Body does the Soul attack;
 Th' invenom'd Soul works its own Poison back.

Nour. I burn, I more than burn; I am all fire.
 See how my Mouth and Nostrils Flame expire.
 I'll not come near my self ———

Now I'm a burning Lake, it rows and flows;
 I'll rush, and pour it all upon my Foes.

Pull, pull that reverend Piece of Timber near:
 Throw't on ——— 'tis dry ——— 'twill burn ———

Ha, ha! how my old Husband crackles there!

Keep him down, keep him down, turn him about

I know him; he'll but whiz, and straight go out.

Fan me, you Winds: what, not one Breath of Air?

I burn 'em all and yet have Flames to spare.

Quench me: Pour on whole Rivers. 'Tis in vain:

Morat stands there to drive 'em back again:

With those huge Bellows in his Hands, he blows

New Fire into my Head: My Brain-pan glows.

See, see, there's *Aureng-Zebe* too takes his Part;

But he blows all his Fire into my Heart.

Aur. Alas, what Fury's this?

Nour. ——— That's he, that's he!

{ Staring upon him, and catching at him. }

I know the dear Man's Voice:

And this my Rival, this the curst She,

They

They kiss; into each others Arms they run:
 Close, close, close! must I see, and must have none?
 Thou art not hers: Give me that eager Kiss,
 Ingrateful! have I lost *Morat* for this?

Will you? — before my Face? — poor helpless I
 See all, and have my Hell before I die! [*Sinks down.*]

Emp. With thy last Breath thou hast thy Crimes
 confess:

Farewel; and take, what thou ne'er gav'st me, Rest!
 But you, my Son, receive it better here:

[*Giving him Indamora's Hand.*]

The just Rewards of Love and Honour wear.

Receive the Mistress you so long have serv'd;

Receive the Crown your Loyalty preserv'd.

Take you the Reins, while I from Cares remove,

And sleep within the Chariot which I drove.

EPILOGUE.

A Pretty Task! and so I told the Fool,
 Who needs would undertake to please by Rule:
 He thought that, if his Characters were good,
 The Scenes entire, and freed from Noise and Blood;
 The Action great, yet circumscrib'd by Time,
 The Words not forc'd, but sliding into Rhime,
 The Passions rais'd, and calm'd by just Degrees,
 As Tides are swell'd, and then retire to Seas;
 He thought, in hitting these, his Bus'ness done,
 Though he, perhaps, has fail'd in ev'ry one:
 But, after all, a Poet must confess,
 His Art's like Physick, but a happy Guess.
 Your Pleasure on your Fancy must depend:
 The Lady's pleas'd, just as she likes her Friend.
 No Song! no Dance! no Shew! he fears you'll say,
 You love all naked Beauties, but a Play.

He

EPILOGUE.

He much mistakes your Methods to delight;
 And, like the French, abhors our Target-fight:
 But those damn'd Dogs can never be i' th' Right.
 True English hate your Monsieur's paltry Arts:
 For you are all Silk-weavers, in your Hearts.
 Bold Britons, at a brave Bear-garden Fray,
 Are rous'd: And, clatt'ring Sticks, cry, Play, play, play.
 Mean time, your filthy Foreigner will stare,
 And mutter to himself, Ha gens Barbaque!
 And, Gad, 'tis well he mutters; well for him;
 Our Butchers else would tear him Limb from Limb.
 'Tis true the Time may come, your Sons may be
 Infected with this French Civility:
 But this in After-ages will be done:
 Your Poet writes an hundred Years too soon.
 His Age comes on too slow, or he too fast:
 And early Springs are subject to a Blast!
 Who would excel, when few can make a Test
 Betwixt indiff'rent Writing and the best?
 For Favours cheap and common, who wou'd strive,
 Which, like abandon'd Prostitutes, you give?
 Yet scatter'd here and there I some behold,
 Who can discern the Tinsel from the Gold:
 To these he writes; and if by them allow'd,
 'Tis their Prerogative to rule the Crowd.
 For he more fears (like a presuming Man)
 Their Votes who cannot judge, than theirs who can.



